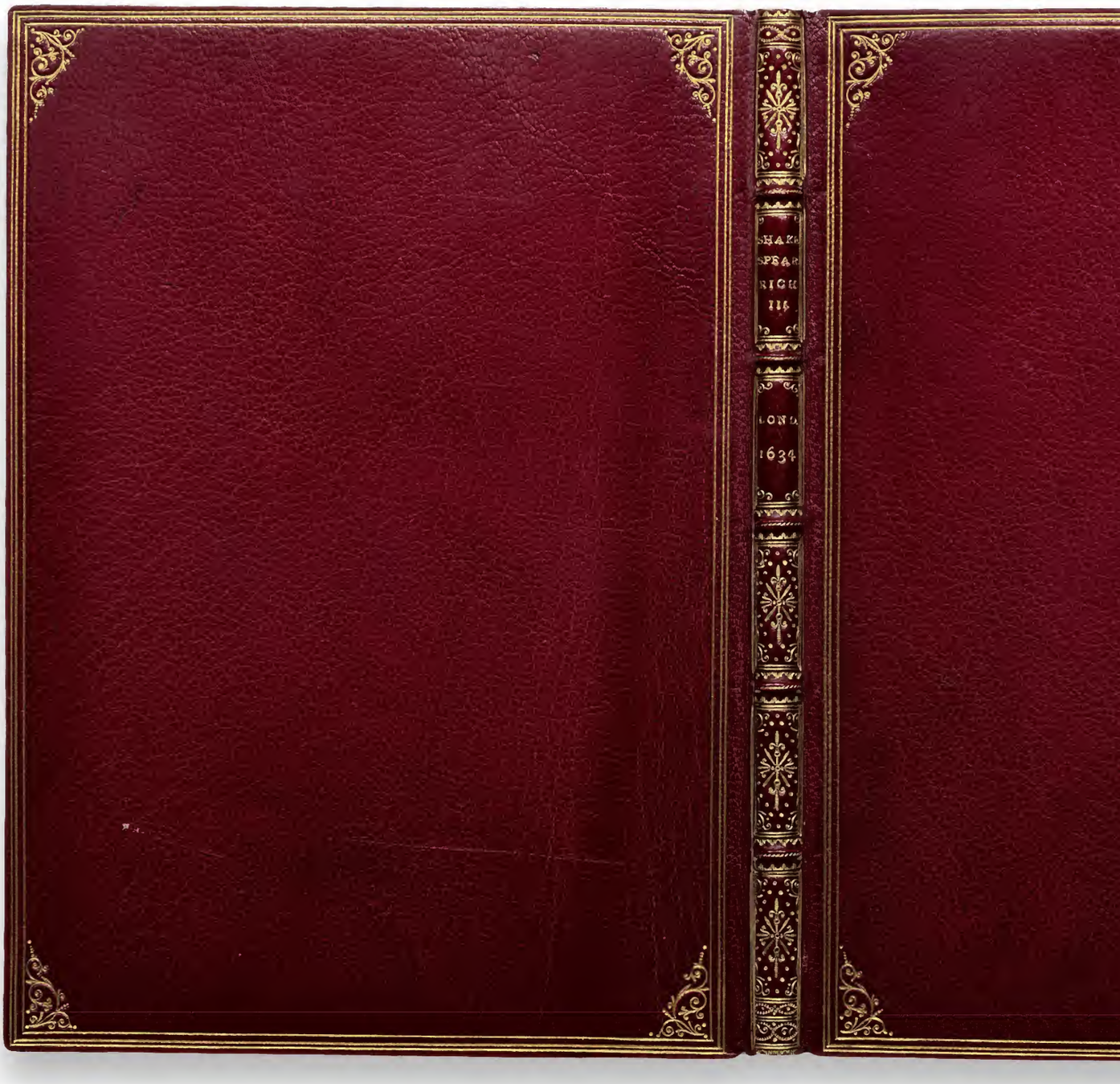

SHAKE
SPEAR
RICH
III
LOND
1634

This is the cauſe why Active times produce
The feweſt Writers for the Stages uſe.
The World is buſie now; and ſome dare ſay
We have not ſeen of late one good New Play.
And ſuch believe Shakeſpear, *long ſince in's Grave,*
In Choiceſt Lybraries a place will have.
When not a modern Play will ſcape the fire:
I beg their pardons who themſelves admire.
Not but this Age hath many men as wiſe,
But wiſely they this begging Art deſpiſe.
And two to one, was he alive this Day,
He'd have more wit, then e're to write a Play.

The Morning Ramble,
or the Town-Humours.
4°. Lond. 1673.

PA 3723

THE TRAGEDIE OF KING *RICHARD* THE THIRD.

Contayning his treacherous Plots, against his brother *Clarence*: The pitifull murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyranous vſurpation: with the whole courſe of his deteſted life, and moſt deſerued death.

As it hath beene Acted by the Kings Maieſties Seruants.

VVritten by *William Shake-ſpeare.*

EDINBURGEN. * EX BIBL. UNIV.

LONDON,
Printed by IOHN NORTON. 1634.

Enter Richard Duke of Glocester, ſolus.

NOw is the winter of diſcontent,
Made glorious ſummer by this Sonne of *Yorke*:
And all the clouds, that lowr vpon our houſe,
In the deepe bowels of the Ocean buried,
Now are our browes bound with victorious wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for monuments.
Our ſterne alarums chang'd to merry meetings.
Our dreadfull marches to delightfull pleaſures.
Grim-viſagd warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now inſtead of mounting barbed Steeds,
To fright the ſoules of fearefull aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a ladies chamber,
To the laciuious pleaſing of a loue.
But I that am not ſharpe of ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amourous looking-glaſſe;
I that am rudely ſtampt, and want loues maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wanton ambling Nympth;
I that am curtaild of this faire proportion,
Cheated of feature by diſſembling nature,
Deform'd, vnfiniſht ſent before my time
Into this breathing world, halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable,
That dogs barke at me as I halt at them:
While I in this weake piping time of peace,
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſpie my ſhadow in the ſunne,
And deſcant on mine owne deformity:
And therefore ſince I cannot proue a louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe dayes:
Plots haue I layd, inductions dangerous,

By drunken propheſies libels and dreames,
To ſet my brother *Clarence* and the King,
In deadly hate the one againſt the other,
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuſt
As I am ſubtile, falſe and trecherous;
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mewd vp,
About a propheſie which ſayes that G.
Of *Edwards* heires the murtherer ſhall be.
Dine thoughts downe to my ſoule, *Enter Clarence with*
Heere *Clarence* comes, *a Guard of Men.*
Brother, good dayes, what meane this armed guard
That waits vpon your grace?

Cla. His Maieſty tendring my perſons ſafety, hath appointed
This conduct to conuey me to the Tower.

Glo. Vpon what cauſe?

Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*,

Glo. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours,
He ſhould for that commit your god-fathers:
O belike his Maieſty hath ſome intent
That you ſhall be new chriſtned in the Tower,
But what is the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard* when I doe know, for I proteſt
As yet I doe not, but as I can learne,
He harkens after propheſies, and dreames,
And from the croſſe-row pluckes the letter G,
And ſayes a wizard told him that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be,
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought that I am he:
Theſe as I learne and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Haue moued his highneſſe to commit me now.

Glo. Why this it is when men are ruld by women,
Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence* tis ſhe
That tempts him to this extreamity,
Was it not ſhe and that good man of worſhip
Anthony Wooduile her brother there,
That made him ſend L. *Haſtings* to the Tower,
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Cla. By Heauen I thinke there is no man ſecurd
But the Queenes kindred, and night walking heralds
That trudge betweene the King and Miſtris *Shore*:
Heard you not what an humble ſuppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was to her for his deliuery?

Glo. Humbly complayning to her Deity,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his liberty,
Ile tell you what, I thinke it were our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men and weare her liuery,
The iealous ore-worne widdow and her ſelfe,
Since that our brother dubd them Gentlewomen:
Are mighty goſſips in this monarchy.

Bro. I beſeech your graces both to pardon me.
His Maieſty hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate conference,
Of what degree ſoeuer with his brother.

Glo. Euen ſo and pleaſe your worſhip *Brokenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no treaſon man, we ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous and the noble Queene
Well ſtroke in yeares, faire and not iealous,
We ſay that *Shores* Wife hath a prety foote,
A chery lip a bonny eye, a paſſing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes kindred are made gentle folkes:
How ſay you ſir, can you deny all this?

Bro. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe hath nought to do.

Glo. Nought to do with Miſtris *Shore*, I tell thee fellow,
He that doth nought with her excepting one,
Were beſt to do it ſecretly alone,

Bro. What one my Lord?

Glo. Her husband knaue, wouldeſt thou betray me?

Bro. I beſeech your Grace to pardon me, and withall for-
Your conference with the noble Duke. (beare.

Cla. We know thy charge *Brokenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queenes Abiects and muſt obey,
Brother farewell I will vnto the King,
And what ſoeuer you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* widdow ſiſter,

I will performe it to infranchiſe you,
Meane time this deepe diſgrace in brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neyther of vs well.
Glo. Well your impriſonment ſhall not be long.
I will deliuer you, or lie for you,
Meane time haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce, farewell. *Exit Cla.*
Glo. Go tread the path, that thou ſhalt neere returne,
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I doe loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy ſoule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes heere the new deliuered *Haſtings*.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord,
Glo. As much vnto my good L. Chamberlaine:
Well, you are welcome to this open aire,
How hath your Lordſhip brookt impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue my Lord to giue them thanks,
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your enemyes, are his,
And haue preuailed as much on him as you.
Haſt. More pitty that the Egle ſhould be mewed
While Kites and Buzzards prey at liberty.
Glo. What newes abroad.
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad as this at home:
The King is ſickly weake and melancholly,
And his Phiſitians feare him mightily,
Glo. Now by Saint *Paul* this newes is bad indeed,
Oh he hath kept an ill dyet long,
And ouer much conſumed his royall perſon,
Tis very grieuous to be thought vpon,
What? is he in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you, *Exit Haſt.*
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not die
Till *George* be packt with poſt-horſe vp to heauen:
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,

With

Which lies well ſteeld with weighty arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done God take King *Edward* to his mercy
And leaue the world for me to buſſell in,
For then ile marry *Warwicks* youngeſt daughter,
What though I kill her husband and her father,
The readieſt way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:
The which will I not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her which I muſt reach vnto,
But yet I run before my horſe to market:
Clarence ſtill liues, *Edward* ſtill raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit.*

Enter Lady Anne, with the hearſe of Henry the ſixt.

La. Set downe, ſet downe, your honourable Lord.
If honour may be ſhrowded in a hearſe,
Whilſt I a while obſequiouſly lament
The vntimely fall of vertuous *Lancaſter*,
Poore key-cold figure of a holy King,
Pale aſhes of the houſe of *Lancaſter*,
Thou bloodleſſe remnant of that royall blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtered ſonne,
Stabd by the ſelfe ſame hands that made theſe holes
Loe in thoſe windowes that let forth thy life,
I poure the helpleſſe balme of my poore eyes,
Curſt be the hand that made the fatall holes,
Curſt be the heart, that had the heart to do it,
More direfull hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee:
Then I can wiſh to Adders, Spiders, Toads,
Or any creeping venomde thing that liues.
If euer he haue child, abortiue be it,
Prodigious and vntimely brought to light:
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall aſpect
May fright the hopefull mother at the view,

If

If euer he haue wife let her be made
As miſerable by the death of him,
As I am made by my poore Lord and thee.
Come now towards *Cherſey* with your holy load
Taken from *Pauls* to be in interred there:
And ſtill as you are weary of the waight, *Enter*
Reſt you whiles I lament King *Henries* corſe. *Gloceſter.*
Glo. Stay you that beare the coarſe, and ſet it downe.
La. What blacke Magitian, coniures vp this fiend
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds:
Glo. Villaine, ſet downe the coarſe, or by Saint *Paul*,
Ile make a corſe of him that diſobeyes?
Gen. Stand backe and let the coffin paſſe.
Glo. Vnmannerly dog, ſtandſt thou when I command,
Aduance thy halbert higher then my breaſt,
Or by Saint *Paul* ile ſtrike thee to my foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee begger for thy boldneſſe.
La. What do you tremble, are you all affraid?
Alaſſe, I blame you not for you are mortall,
And mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou fearefull miniſter of hell,
Thou hadſt but power ouer his mortall body,
His ſoule thou canſt not haue therefore be gone,
Glo. Sweet Saint for charity be not ſo curſt.
La. Foule diuell, for Gods ſake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy hell,
Fil'd it with curſing cryes, and deepe exclaimes,
If thou delight to view thy hanious deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeald mouths and bleed afreſh,
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of foule deformity,
For tis thy preſence that exhals this blood,
From cold and empty veines where no blood dwels.
Thy deed inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this deluge moſt vnnaturall,
Oh God, which this blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
Oh earth which this blood drinkſt, reuenge his death:
Either heauen with lightning ſtrike the murderer dead,
Or

Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou didſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouernd arme hath butchered.
Glo. Lady, you know no rule of charity,
Which render good for bad, bleſſings for curſes,
La. Villanne, thou knoweſt no law of God, nor man.
No beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pitty,
Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beaſt.
La. Oh wonderfull when diuels tell the truth,
Glo. More wonderfull when Angels are ſo angry,
Vouchſafe diuine perfection of a woman,
Of theſe ſuppoſed euils to giue mee leaue,
By circumſtance but to acquit my ſelfe.
La. Vouchſafe defuſed infection of a man,
For theſe knowne euils, but to giue mee leaue,
By circumſtance to curſe thy curſed ſelfe.
Glo. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let mee haue
Some patient leaſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
La. Fouler then heart can thinke thee, thou canſt make
No excuſe currant, but to hang thy ſelfe.
Glo. By ſuch diſpaire I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
L. And by diſpairing ſhouldſt thou ſtand excuſd
For doing worthy vengeance on thy ſelfe,
Which didſt, vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Glo. Say that I ſlew them not.
La. Why then they are not dead:
But dead they are and diueliſh ſlaue by thee.
Glo. I did not kill your husband.
La. Why then hee is aliue.
Glo. Nay he is dead and ſlaine by *Edwards* hand.
La. In thy foule throat thou lieſt. Queene *Margret* ſaw
Thy bloody faulchion ſmooking in his blood,
The which thou once didſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that my brother beat aſſide the poynt.
Glo. I was prouoked by her ſlanderous tongue.
Which laid her guilt vpon my guiltleſſe ſhoulders
La. Thou waſt prouoked by thy bloody minde.
Which neuer dreamt on ought, but butcheryes:
Didſt thou not kill this King? *Glo.* I grant yee,

La. Doest grant mee hedgehog, then God grant mee too
Thou maiest bee damned for that wicked deede:
Oh he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Glo. The fitter for the King of Heaueh that hath him.
La. Hee is in Heauen, where thou shalt neuer come.
Glo. Let him thanke mee that holpe to send him thither,
For he was fitter for that place then Earth.
La. And thou vnfit for any place but Hell.
Glo. Yes one place else, if you will heare mee name it.
La. Some Dungeon. *Glo.* Your bed-chamber,
La. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest.
Glo. So will it Maddam till I lie with you.
La. I hope so.
Glo. I know so, but gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this kind incounter of your wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower methode:
Is not the causer of the time-lesse deaths,
Of these Plantagenets, *Henry* and *Edward*.
As blamefull as the executioner?
La. Thou art the cause, and most accurst effect.
Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that effect.
Your beauty which did haunt mee in my sleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might rest that houre in your sweete bosome.
La. If I thought that, I tell thee homicide,
These nailes should rend that beauty from their cheekes.
Glo. These eyes could neuer endure sweet beauties wrack,
You should not blemish them if I stood by:
As all the world is cleared by the Sunne,
So I by that, it is my day, my life.
La. Blacke night ouershade thy day, and death thy life.
Glo. Curse not thy selfe faire creature, thou art both.
La. I would I were to bee reuenged on thee.
Glo. It is a quarrell most vnnaturall,
To be reuenged on him that loueth you.
La. It is a quarrell iust and reasonable,
To bee reuenged on him that slew my Husband.
Glo. He that bereft thee Lady of thy husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better husband.

La. His better doth not breath vpon the Earth.
Glo. Go too, he liues that loues you better then he could
La. Name him. *Glo.* Plantagenet.
La. Why what was hee?
Glo. The selfe same name but one of better nature,
La. Where is hee? *Shee spittes at him.*
Glo. Heere.
Why doest spit at him?
La. Would it were mortall poyson for thy sake.
Glo. Neuer came poyson from so sweete a place.
La. Neuer hung poyson on a fouler Toade.
Out of my sight thou dost infect my eyes.
Glo. Thine eyes sweete Lady haue infected mine.
La. Would they were Basiliskes to strike thee dead.
Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a liuing death.
Those eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne salt teares,
Shamed their aspect with store of childish drops,
I neuer sued to frinds nor enemy,
My tongue could neuer learne sweete smoothing words.
But now thy beauty is proposde my fee;
My proud heart sues and prompts my tongue to speake,
Teach not my lips such scorne, for they were made
For kissing Lady not for such contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe here I lend thee this sharp poynted sword,
Which if you please to hide in this true bosome,
And let the soule forth that adorneth thee:
I lay it naked to thy deadly stroake;
And humbly beg the death vpon my Knees.
Nay, doe not pawse, twas I that kild your husband,
But twas thy beauty that prouoked me:
Nay now dispatch, twas I that Kild *King Henry*,
But twas thy heauenly face that set me on: *Heere she lets*
Take vp thy sword againe, or take vp me. *fall the Sword*
La. Arise dissembler, though I wish thy death,
I will not be the executioner.
Glo. Then bid me kill my selfe, and I will doe it.
La. I haue already.

Glo. Tush that was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
That hand which for my loue did kill thy loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer loue,
To both their deaths thou shalt bee accessary.
La. I would know thy heart.
Glo. Tis figured in my Tongue.
La. I feare mee both are false.
Glo. Then neuer man was true.
La. Well, well, put vp your sword.
Glo. Say then my peace is made.
La. That shall you know hereafter.
Glo. But I shall liue in hope.
La. All men I hope liue so.
Glo. Vouchsafe to weare this ring.
La. To take is not to giue.
Glo. Looke how this ring incompasseth thy finger,
Euen so thy brest incloseth my poore heart.
VVere both of them for both of them are thine
And if thy poore supplyant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doest confirme his happinesse foreuer.
La. What is it?
Glo. That it would please thee leaue these sad desines
To him that hath more cause to bee a mourner,
And presently repaire to Crosby place;
Where after I haue solemnely enterred
At *Chertsie* Monastery this noble King,
And wet his graue with my repentant teares,
I will with all expedient duty see you:
For diuers vnknowne reasons, I beseech you
Grant mee this boone.
La. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To see you are become so penitent:
Tressil and *Bartly*, goe a long with mee.
Glo. Bid me farewell.
La. Tis more then you deserue:
But since you teach mee how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue sayd farewell already *Exit.*

Glo.

Glo. Sirs, take vp the course.
Ser. Towards *Chertsie* noble Lord?
Glo. No to white Fryers there attend my comming:
Was euer woman in this humour woed? *Exeu. Manet Glo.*
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I haue kild her husband and her father,
To take her in her hearts extreamest heate:
With curses in her mouth, teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witnesse of her hatred by:
Hauing God, her conscience, and these barres against mee;
And I nothing to backe my suite withall
But the plaine Diuell and dissembling lookes.
And yet to win her all the world is nothing? Hah?
Hath shee forgot already that braue Prince
Edward her Lord, Whom I some three moneths since
Stabd in my angry mood at *Tewxbury*?
A sweeter and louelier Gentleman,
Framd in the prodigality of nature:
Yong, valiant, wise, and no doubt right royall,
The spacious world cannot againe affoord.
And will shee yet debace her eyes on mee,
That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince
And made her widdow to a woefull bed?
On me, whose all not equals *Edwards* moity,
On me that halt, and am vnshapen thus?
My Dukedome to bee a beggerly denier,
I doe mistake my person all this while,
Vpon my life she finds although I cannot
My selfe, to bee a marualous proper man,
Ile bee at charge for a Looking-glasse,
And entertaine some score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorne my body,
Since I am crept in fauour with my selfe,
I will maintaine it with a little cost.
But first ile turne yon fellow in his graue,
And then returne lamenting to my loue.
Shine out faire sunne, till I haue bought a glasse,
That I may see my shadow as I passe. *Exit.*

Enter Queene, Lord Riuers and Gray.

Ri. Haue patience Maddam, thers no doubt his Maiesty,
Will soone recouer his accustomed health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worse,
Therefore for Gods sake entertaine good comfort,
And cheare his grace with quicke and merry words,
Qu. If hee were dead what would betide of mee ?
Ri. No other harme but losse of such a Lord.
Qu. The losse of such a Lord includes all harme.
Gray. The heauens haue blest you with a goodly sonne.
To bee your comforter when hee is gone.
Qu. Oh he is young, and his minority
Is put in the trust of *Richard Gloucester*,
A man that loues not mee, nor none of you.
Ri. It is concluded hee shall bee Protector ?
Qu. It is determined, not concluded yet,
But so it must be if the King miscarry, *Enter Buck. Darby.*
Gr. Here comes the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Darby*.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your royall grace.
Dar. God make your Maiesty ioyfull as you haue beene.
Qu. The Countesse *Richmond* good my Lord of *Darby*.
To your good prayers will scarce say, amen :
Yet *Darby*, notwithstanding shees your wife,
And loues not mee, bee you good Lord assured
I hate not you for her proud arrogancy.
Dar. I beseech you eyther not beleeue.
The enuious slanders of her accusers,
Or if shee bee accused in true report,
Beare with her weaknesse, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward sicknesse, and no grounded malice.
Ri. Saw you the King to day my Lord *Darby* ?
Dar. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I,
Came from visiting his Maiesty.
Qu. What likelihood of his amendment Lords ?
Buc. Madam, good hope, his grace speakes chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. Madam wee did, Hee desires to make at onement
Betwixt the Duke of *Gloucester* and your brothers
And betwixt them and my Lord *Chamberlaine*.

And

And sent to warne them of his royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer bee.
I feare our happinesse is at the highest. *Enter Gloucester,*
Glo. They doe me wrong and I will not endure it.
Who are they that complaine vnto the King ?
That I forsooth am sterne loue them not :
By holy *Paul* they loue his grace but lightly
That fill his eares with such dissentious rumours :
Because I cannot flatter and speake faire,
Smile in mens faces smooth deceiue and cog
Ducke with French nods, and apish courtesie,
I must bee held a rankerous enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue and thinke no harme
But thus in simple truth must bee abusde
By silken slie insinuating Iackes ?
Ri. To whome in this presence speake your grace.
Glo. To thee that hath no honesty nor grace.
When haue I injured thee, when done thee wrong,
Or thee, or thee, or any of your faction ?
A plague vpon you all. His royall person
(Whome God preserue better then you can wish)
Cannot bee quiet scarce a breathing while,
But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of *Gloucester*, you mistake the matter ;
The King of his owne royall disposition,
And not prouokt by any suter else,
Ayming belike at your interiour hatred,
Which in your outward actions shewes it selfe,
Against my kindred, brother, and my selfe :
Makes him to send that whereby wee may gather
The ground of your ill will, and to remoue it.
Glo. I cannot tell, the world is growne so bad,
That *wrens* way prey where *eagles* dare not pearch,
Since euery Iacke became a Gentleman
There's many a gentle person made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come we know your meaning brother *Gloster*.
You enuy mine aduancement and my friends,
God grant wee neuer may haue need of you.
Glo. Meane time, God grant that wee haue need of you

Our

Our brother is imprisoned by your meanes,
My selfe disgraced, and the Nobility
Held in contempt, whilst many faire promotions
Are dayly giuen to enoble those
That scarse some two dayes since were worth a noble.
Qu. By him that raisde mee to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I enioyd,
I neuer did incence his Maiesty
Against the *Duke* of *Clarence*, but haue beene
An earnest aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord, you doe mee shamefull iniury,
Falsely to draw mee in, such vile suspect.
Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause,
Of my Lord Hastings late imprisonment.
Riu. She may my Lord.
Glo. She may. L. *Riuers*, why who knowes not so?
She may do more sir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high deserts.
What may she not? she may, yea marry may she.
Riu. What marry may shee?
Glo. What marry may she? marry with a King
A batcheler, a hansome stripling too.
I wis your Grandam had a worser match.
Qu. My L. of *Gloucester*, I haue to long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter scoffes
By heauen I will acquaint his Maiesty,
With those grosse taunts I often haue endured.
I had rather be a country seruant maide,
Then a Queene with this condition,
To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at, *Enter Qu.*
Small ioy haue I in being *Englands* Queene. *Margret.*
Qu. Mar. And lesned be that small, God I beseech thee,
Thy honour, state, and seat is due to mee.
Glo. What? threat you mee with telling the King?
Tell him and spare not looke what I sayd,
I will auoch in presence of the King:
Tis time to speake, when paines are quite forgot.

Q. Mar.

Qu. Mar. Out Diuell, I remember them too well,
Thou sleweſt my husband *Henry* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore sonne at *Tewxbury*.
Glo. Ere you were Queene yea or your husband King,
I was a packe-horse in his great affaires,
A weeder out of his proud aduersaries,
A liberall rewarder of his friends:
To royallize his blood I spilt mine owne.
Qu. Mar. Yea, and much better blood, then his or thine.
Glo. In all which time, you and your husband *Gray*,
Were factious for the House of *Lankaster*:
And *Riuers*, so were you. Was not your husband
In *Margrets* battaile at Saint *Albons* slaine:
Let me put in your mind, if yours forget,
What you haue beene ere now, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Qu. Mar. A murtherous villaine: and so still thou art.
Glo. Poore *Clarence* did forsake his Father *Warwicke*,
Yea and forswore himselfe (which *Iesu* pardon)
Qu. Mar. Which God reuenge
Glo. To fight on *Edwards* party for the Crowne,
And for his meede (poore Lord) he is mewed vp.
I would to God my heart were flint like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* soft and pittyfull like mine,
I am too childish foolish for this world.
Qu. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leaue the world,
Thou Cacodœmon, there thy Kingdome is.
Ri. My Lord of *Gloucester* in those busie dayes,
Which here you vrge to proue vs enemies,
We followd then our Lord, our lawfull King.
So should we you if you should be our King.
Glo. If I should be? I had rather be a pedlar,
Farre be it from my heart the thought of it.
Q. Mar. As little ioy (my Lord) as you suppose
You should enioy, were you this countries King,
As little ioy may you suppose in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof,
A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am she, and altogether ioylesse;

I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me you wrangling pirates that fall out,
I shaking out that which you haue pild from me :
Which of you tremble not that looke on me ?
If not, that I being *Queene*, you bow like subiects.
Yet that by you disposd, you quake like rebels :
O gentle villaine, doe not turne away.
Glo. Foule wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my sight?
Qu. Mar. But repitition of what thou hast mard,
That will I make, before I let thee goe :
A husband and a sonne thou owest vnto me,
And thou a kingdome, all of you allegeance :
The sorrow that I haue by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you vsurpe, is mine.
Glo. The curse my noble father layd one thee,
When thou didst Crowne his warlike browes with paper,
And with thy scorne drew riuers from his eyes,
And then to drie them, gau'st the Duke a clout
Steept in the blood of pritty *Rutland* :
His curses then from bitternesse of soule,
Denounc'd against thee, are fallen vpon thee,
And God, not we, hath plagued thy bloody deed.
Qu. So iust is God to rite the innocent.
Hast. O twas the foulest deed to slay that Babe,
And the most merciless that euer was heard of.
Ri. Tyrants themselues wept when it was reported,
Dors. No man but prophesied reuenge for it.
Buc. Northumberland then present, wept to see it.
Q. Mar. What ? were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you now your hatred now on me ?
Did *Yorkes* dread curse preuaile so much with heauen,
That *Henries* death my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes lost my woefull banishment,
Could all but answere for that peeuish brat ?
Can curses pearce the Clouds, and enter heauen ;
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quicke curses :
If not by warre, by surfet die your King.
As ours by murder to make him a King.

Edward

Edward my sonne, which now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* my sonne, which was the Prince of *Wales*,
Died in his youth by like untimely violence,
Thy selfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched selfe :
Long mayst thou liue to waile thy childrens losse,
And see another, as I see thee now
Deckt in thy glory, as thou art stald in mine:
Long dye thy happy dayes before thy death,
And after many lengthned houres of griefe,
Dye neyther mother, wife, nor *Englands* Queene,
Riuers and *Dorset*, you were standers by,
And so wast thou Lord *Hastings*, when my sonne
Was stabd with bloody daggers, God I pray him,
That none of you, may liue your naturall age,
But by some vnlookt accident cut off.
Glo. Haue done thy charme thou hatefull withered hag.
Q. Mar. And leaue out thee? stay dog for thou shalt heare me,
If heauen haue any grieuous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish vpon thee:
O let them keepe it till thy sinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee the troubler of the poore worlds peace:
The worme of conscience still begnaw thy soule,
Thy friends suspect for traytors whilst thou liuest,
And take deepe traytors for thy dearest friends,
No sleepe close vp the deadly eyes of thine,
Vnlesse it be whilst some tormenting dreame
Affrights thee with a hell of vgly diuels,
Thou elfish markt, abortiue rooting hog,
Thou that wast seald in thy natiuity
The slaue of nature, and the sonne of hell,
Thou slander of thy mothers heauy wombe,
Thou loathed issue of thy fathers loynes,
Thou rag of honour, thou detested, &c.
Glo. Margret.
Q. Mar. Richard. *Glo.* Ha?
Q. Mar. I call thee not.
Glo. Then cry thee mercy: for I had thought.

Thou haſt cald me all theſe bitter names,
Q.Mar. Why ſo I did, but looke for no reply:
O let me make the period to my curſe.
Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends by *Margret*.
Thus haue you breathed your curſe againſt your ſelfe.
Q.Mar. Poore painted Queene, vaine flouriſh of my for-
Why ſtrewſt thou Sugar on that botled ſpider, (tune:
Whoſe deadly webbe inſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whetſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe,
The time will come when thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe that poyſoned bunch-backt Toade,
Haſt. Falſe boaſting woman, end thy franticke curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme thou moue our patience. (mine.
Q.Mar. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q.Mar. To ſerue me well, you ſhould doe me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my ſubiects,
Obſerue me well and teach your ſelues that duty.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhe is lunatique.
Q.Mar. Peace maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of honour is ſcarce currant:
O that your young Nobility could iudge,
what 'twere to looſe it, and be miſerable?
They that ſtand high, haue mighty blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh them to pieces.
Glo. Good counſell marry, learne it, learne it Marqueſſe.
Dorſ. It toucheth you (my Lord) as much as me.
Glo. Yea, and much more, but I was borne ſo high.
Our Aiery buildeth in the Cædars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the ſunne.
Q.Mar. And turnes the Sunne to ſhade, alas, alas.
Witneſſe my ſunne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright outſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath,
Hath in eternall darkeneſſe foulded vp:
Your Aiery buildeth in our Aieries neaſt.
O God that ſeeſt it, doe not ſuffer it:
As it was wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buck. Haue done for ſhame, if not for charity.
Q.Mar. Vrge neyther charity nor ſhame to me,
Vncha-

Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully by you my hopes are butchered,
My charity is outrage, life my ſhame,
And in my ſhame ſhall liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buck. Haue done.
Q.Mar. O princely *Buckingham*, I will kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of league and amity with thee,
Now faire befall thee and thy Princely houſe,
Thy garments are not ſpotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buck. Nor none heere, for curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of them that breath them in the ayre.
Q.Mar. Ile not beleeue but they aſſend the ſkie,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dogge,
Looke when he fawnes he bites, and when he bites,
His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to doe with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell, hath ſet their markes on him,
And all their miniſters attend on him.
Glo. What doth ſhee ſay my Lord of *Buckingham*?
Buck. Nothing that I reſpect my gratious Lord.
Q.Mar. What doſt thou ſcorne me for my gentle coun-
And ſooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (ſell,
O but remember this another day,
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow,
And ſay, poore *Margret* was a Propheteſſe,
Liue each of you, the ſubiect of his hate,
And he to you, and all of you to God. *Exit.*
Haſt. My haire doth ſtand an end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I wonder ſhees at liberty?
Glo. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
Shee hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Haſt. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong,
I was too hotte to doe ſome body good,
That is too cold in thinking on it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, hee is well repayd,

He is frankt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cauſe of it.
Ri. A vertuous and Chriſtian-like concluſion,
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduiſed,
For had I curſt, now I had curſt my ſelfe.
Catſ. Maddam his Maieſty doth call for you:
And for your noble grace, and you my Lord.
Qu. *Catesby* we come, Lords will you goe with vs?
Ri. Maddam, we will attend your grace. *Exeunt Manet*
Glo. I doe thee wrong, and firſt began to braule, *Glo.*
The ſecret miſchiefe that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the greuious charge of others:
Clarence, whom I indeed haue layd in darkneſſe:
I doe beweepe too many ſimple gulls:
Namely, to *Haſtings*, *Darby*, *Buckingham*,
And ſay it was the Queene, and her allies.
That ſtrires the King againſt the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall wiſh me
To be reuenged on *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
But then ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids vs to doe good for euill:
And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odde ends, ſtolen out of holy writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the diuell.
But ſoft, here comes my executioners, *Enter executio-*
How now my hardy ſtout reſolued mates, *ners.*
Are yea not going to diſpatch this deed?
Exe. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Glo. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done, repaire to Crosby place,
But ſirs, be ſuddaine in the execution:
Withall, obdurate; doe not heare him pleade,
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhaps
May moue your hearts to pity if you marke him.
Exe. Tuſh, feare not my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be aſſured:
We come to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.
Glo.

Glo. Your eies drop milſtones, when fooles eies drop teares
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*
Enter Clarence Brokenbury.
Bro. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day?
Cla. O I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of vgly ſights, of gaſtly dreames:
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though t'were to by a world of happy dayes,
So full of diſmall terrour was the time.
Bro. What was your dreame? I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thought I was imbarkt for Burgundy,
And in my company my brother *Gloceſter*,
Who from my Cabbin tempted me to walke
Vpon the hatches, there he lookes towards *England*,
And cited vp a thouſand fearefull times,
During the warres of *Yorke* and *Lankaſter*,
That had befallen vs: as we paſt along,
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that *Glocester* ſtumbled and in ſtumbling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer boord
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine:
Lord, Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noyſe of water in mine eares,
What a ſight of death within mine eyes;
Me thought I ſaw a thouſand fearefull wrackes,
Ten thouſand men that fiſhes gnawed vpon,
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, hea[illegible] of Pearle,
Ineſtimable ſtones, vnualued Iewels.
Some lay in dead mens Sculs, and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
As if it t'were in ſcorne of eyes, reflecting gems
Which wade the ſlimy bottome of the deepe,
And mokt the dead bones that lay ſcatred by.
Brok. Had you ſuch leaſure in the time of death,
To gaze vpon the ſecrets of the deepe?
Cla. Me thought I had: for ſtill the enuious flood
Kept in my ſoule, and would not let it foorth,
To keepe the empty, vaſt, and wandring ayre,

But

But smothred it within my panting bulke.
Which almost burst to belch it in the Sea.
Brok. A wakt you not with this sore agonie ?
Clar. O no, my dreame was lengthned after life,
O then began the tempest of my soule,
Who past (me thought) the melancoly flood,
With that grim ferryman which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall night :
The first that there did greete my strangers soule,
Was my great father in law, renowned *Warwicke*,
Who cried aloud, what scourge for periury
Can this darke Monarchie afford false *Clarence* ?
And so he vanisht: Then came wandring by,
A shadow like an Angell, in bright haire,
Dabled in blood, and he squeakt out a loud.
Clarence is come, false, fleeting periurd *Clarence*,
That stabd me in the field at *Tewxbury*:
Seize on him Furies, take him to your torments,
With that me thought a legion of foule feinds
Enuironed me about, and houled in mine eares,
Such hideous cries, that with the very noyse,
I trembling wakt, and for a season after,
Could not beleeue but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made the dreame.
Brok. No maruaile my Lord though it affrighted you,
I promise you I am affraid to heare you tell it.
Cla. O *Brokenbury*, I haue done those things,
Which now bi..es euidence against my soule,
For *Edwards* sake, and see how he requites me :
I pray thee gentle Keeper stay by me,
My soule is heauy, and I faine would sleepe.
Brok. I will (my Lord,) God giue your grace good rest,
Sorrow breakes seasons, and reposing houres
Makes the night morning, and the noone-tide night.
Princes haue but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toyle:
And for vnfelt imaginations,
They often feele a world of restlesse cares:
So that betwixt your titles, and low names,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

The murtherers enter.

In Gods Name what are you, and how came you hither ?
Exe. I would speake with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my legs,
Bro. Yea, are you so briefe ?
2 *Exe.* O sir, it is better to be briefe then tedious,
Shew him your Commission, talke no more. *He reades it.*
Bro. I am in this commanded to deliuer
The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands,
I will not reason what is meant thereby,
Because I will be guiltlesse of the meaning:
Here are the keyes there sits the Duke asleepe.
Ile to his Maiesty, and certifie his Grace,
That thus I haue resignd my place to you,
Exe. Doe so, it is a poynt of wisedome.
2 What shall we stab him as he sleepes ?
1 No, then he will say twas done cowardly
When he wakes.
2 When he wakes,
Why foole he shall neuer wake till the iudgement day.
1 Why then he will say, we stabd him sleeping.
2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorse in me.
1 What art afraid ?
2 Not to kill him, hauing a warrant for it, but to be damnd for killing him, from which no warrant can defend vs.
1 Backe to the Duke of *Glocester*, tell him so.
2 I pray thee stay a while, I hope my holy humour will change, twas wont to hold me but while one could tell xx.
1 How dost thou feele thy selfe now ? (me.
2 Faith some certaine dregs of conscience are yet within
1 Remember our reward when the deed is done,
2 Zounds he dies, I had forgot the reward.
1 Where is thy conscience now ?
2 In the Duke of *Glocesters* purse.
1 So when he opens his purse to giue vs our reward,
Thy conscience flies out.
2 Let it goe, there's few or none will entertaine it.
1 How if it come to thee againe ?

2. Ile not meddle with it, it is a dangerous thing,
It makes a man a coward. A man cannot ſteale,
But it accuſeth him, he cannot ſteale but it checks him:
He cannot lie with his neighbours wife but it detects
Him, it is a bluſhing ſhamefull ſpirit that mutinies:
In a mans boſome: it fils one full of obſtacles,
It made me once reſtore a peece of gold that I found.
It beggers any man that keepes it: it is turnd out of all
Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery
Man that meanes to liue well, and endeauours to truſt
To himſelfe, and liue without it.

1. Zounds, it is euen now at my elbow, perſwading me
Not to kill the Duke.

2. Take the Diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not,
He would inſinuate with thee to make thee ſigh.

1. Tut I am ſtrong in fraud he cannot preuaile with me,
I warrant thee.

2. Stood like a tall fellow that reſpects his reputation,
Come ſhall we to this geare?

1. Take him ouer the coſtard with the hilt of my Sword,
And then we will chop him in the Malmſey, but in the next
roome:

2. Oh excellent deuice, make a ſoppe of him.

1. Harke, he ſtirs ſhall I ſtrike?

2. No, firſt lets reaſon with him. *Cla. awaketh.*

Cla. Where art thou keeper, giue me a cup of Wine.

1. You ſhall haue Wine enough, my Lord anone.

Cla. In Gods Name what art thou:

2. A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am, royall.

1. Nor you as we are loyall.

Cla. Thy voyce is thunder, but thy lookes are humble.

2. My voyce is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkely and how deadly doeſt thou ſpeake?
Tell me, who are you? wherefore came you hither?

Am, To, to, to.

Cla. To murther me? *Am. I.*

Cla. You ſcarce haue the heart to tell me ſo,
And therefore cannot haue the heart to doe it,
Wherein my friends haue I offended you?

1. Offended

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I ſhall be reconciled to him againe,

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you cald forth from out a world of men
To ſlay the innocent? what is my offence?
Where are the euidence to accuſe me?
What lawfull queſt hath giuen their verdict vp
Vnto the frowning Iudge, or who pronounc'd
The bitter ſentence of poore *Clarence* death,
Before I be conuict by courſe of Law?
To threaten me with death is moſt vnlawfull;
I charge you as you hope to haue redemption
By Chriſts deare Blood ſhed for our grieuous ſinnes,
That you depart and lay no hands on me,
The deed you vndertake is damnable,

1 What we will doe, we doe vpon command,

2 And he that hath commanded vs is the King.

Cla. Erroneous vaſſaile, the great King of Kings,
Hath in his Table of his Law commanded,
That thou ſhalt doe no murder, and wilt thou then
Spurne at his edict, and fulfill a mans?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hands,
To hurle vpon their heads that breake his law.

2 And that ſame vengeance doth he throw on thee,
For falſe forſwearing, and for murder too?
Thou didſt receiue the holy Sacrament,
To fight the quarrell of the houſe of *Lankaſter*.

1 And like a traytor to the name of God,
Didſt breake that vow, and with thy trecherous blade
Vnript the bowels of thy ſoueraignes ſonne,

2 Whom thou wert ſworne to cheriſh and defend.

1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs,
When thou haſt broke it in ſo deare degree?

Cla. Alaſſe, for whoſe ſake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his ſake:
VVhy ſirs, he ſends you not to murder me for this,
For in this ſinne he is as deepe as I,
If God will be reuenged for this deed,
Take not the quarrell from his powerfull arme,

He needes no indirect nor lawfull course,
To cut off those that haue offended him.
1 Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant spring, braue Plantagenet,
The Princely Nouice was strooke dead by thee.
Cla. My brothers loue, the Diuell, and my rage.
1 Thy brothers loue, the Diuell, and thy fault,
Haue brought vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. Oh, if you loue my brother, hate not me,
I am his brother, and I loue him well:
If you be hirde for neede, goe backe againe,
And I will send you to my brother *Gloucester*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Then *Edward* will for tidings of my death.
2 You are deceiued, your brother *Gloucester* hates you.
Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deare,
Goe you to him from me.
Am. I so we will.
Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely father *Yorke*,
Blest his three sonnes with his victorious arme;
And charged vs from his soule to loue each other,
He little thought of this diuided friendship,
Bid *Gloucester* thinke on this, and he will weepe.
Am. I, milstones, as he lessoned vs to weepe.
Cla. O doe not slander him for he is kind.
1 Right as snow in haruest, thou deceiuest thy selfe,
Tis he that sent vs hither now to murder thee.
Cla. It cannot be: for when I parted with him
He hugd me in his armes, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my deliuery.
2 Why so he doth, now he deliuers thee,
From this worlds thraldome, to the ioyes of Heauen.
1 Make peace with God, for you must dye my Lord.
Cla. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soule,
To counsell me to make my peace with God;
And art thou yet to thy owne soule so blinde,
That thou wilt war with God, for murdring me?
Ah sirs consider, he that set you on
To doe this deed, will hate you for this deed,

2 What shall we doe?
Cla. Relent, and saue your soules.
1 Relent, tis cowardly, and womanish.
Cla. Not to relent, is beastly sauage, and diuelish.
My friends I spie some pitty in your lookes;
Oh if thy eyes be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and intreate for me:
A begging Prince what begger pitties not?
1 I thus, and thus: if this will not serue *He stabs him*
Ile chop thee in the Malmesey but in the next roome.
2 A bloody deed and desperately performd,
How faine would I like *Pilate* wash my hands,
Of this most grieuous guilty murder done.
1 Why dost thou not helpe me?
By heauen the Duke shall know how slacke thou art.
2 I would he knew that I had saued his brother,
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the Duke is slaine. *Exit.*
1 So doe not I, goe coward as thou art,
Now must I hide his body in some hole,
Vntill the Duke take order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meed I must away,
For this will out, and here I must not stay. *Exeunt*

Enter King, Queene, Hastings, Riuers, &c.

King. So now I haue done a good dayes worke
Your Peares continue the vnited league,
I euery day expect an Embassage
From my Redemer, to redeeme me hence:
And now in peace my soule shall part to heauen,
Since I haue set my friends at peace on earth:
Riuers and *Hastings*, take each others hand,
Dissemble not your hatred, sweare your loue.
Ri. By heauen my heart is purged from grudging hate,
And with my hand I seale my true hearts loue.
Hast. So thriue I as I sweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Least he that is the supreame King of Kings,
Confound your hidden falsehood, and award
Eyther of you to be the others end.

Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue:
Ri. And I as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
King. Maddam, your ſelfe is not exempt in this,
Nor your ſonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, nor you,
You haue beene factious one againſt the other:
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you doe, doe it vnfainedly.
Qu. Here *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I and mine.
Dorſ. Thus enterchange of loue, I here proteſt,
Vpon my part ſhall be vnuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo I ſwere my Lord.
King. Now princely *Buckingham* ſeale vp this league,
With thy embracement to my wiues allies,
And make me happy in this vnity.
Buck. Whenſoeuer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
On you, or yours, but with all dutious loue
Doth cheriſh you and yours, God puniſh me
With hate, in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt neede to imploy a friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a frieind,
Deepe, hollow trecherous, and full of guile
Be he vnto me: This doe I begge of God
When I am cold in zeale to you or yours.
King. A pleaſing cordiall Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow vnto my ſickly heart:
There wanteth now our brother *Gloceſter* here,
To make the perfect period of this peace.

Enter Gloceſter.

Buck. And in good time here comes the noble Duke.
Glo. Good morrow to my ſoueraigne King and Queene,
And princely Peares, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed as we haue ſpent the day,
Brother we haue done deeds of charity:
Made peace of emnity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong inſcenſed Peares.
Glo. A bleſſed labour moſt ſoueraigne Liege,
Amongſt this Princely heape, if any here
By falſe intelligence, or wrong ſurmiſe,

Hold me a foe, if I vnwittingly or in my rage,
Haue thought committed that is hardly borne
By any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his freindly peace,
Tis death to me to be at emnity,
I hate it and deſire all good mens loue.
Firſt Maddam I intreat peace of you,
Which I purchace with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my noble couſen *Buckingham*,
If euer any grudge were lod'gd betweene vs,
Of you my Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray* of you,
That all without deſart haue fround on me.
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all:
I do not know that Engliſhman aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iotte at oddes,
More then the infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my humility,
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept hereafter,
I would to God all ſtrife were well compounded,
My ſoueraigne leige I do beſeech your Maieſty
To take our brother *Clarence*, to your grace.
Glo. Why Maddam, haue I offered loue for this,
To be thus ſcornd in this royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the noble *Duke* is dead?
You doe him iniury to ſcorne his coarſe. (he is?
Ri. Who knowes not he is dead, who knowes
Qu. All ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet* as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord and none in this preſence
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was reuerſt.
Glo. But He poore ſoule by our firſt order dide,
And that a winged Mercury did beare,
Some tardy cripple bore the countermaund,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried:
God graunt that ſome leſſe noble and leſſe loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood:
Deſerue not worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet goe currant from ſuſpition. *Enter Darby.*

Dar. A boone (my ſoueraigne) for my ſeruice done,
Kin. I pray thee peace my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Dar. I will not riſe vnleſſe your highneſſe grant,
Kin. Then ſpeake at once, what is it thou demandeſt?
Dar. The forfeit (Soueraige) of my ſeruants life,
Who ſlew to day a ryotous gentleman
Lately attending on the Duke of *Norffolke*,
Kin. Haue I a tongue to dome my brothers death,
And ſhall the ſame giue pardon to a ſlaue;
My brother ſlew no man, his fault was nought,
And yet his puniſhment was cruell death.
Who ſued to me for him? who in my rage,
Kneeld at my feete, and bad me be aduiſde?
Who ſpake of brother-hood, who of loue?
Who told me how the poore ſoule did forſake
The mighty *Warwicke*, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at *Tewxbury*,
When *Oxford* had me downe he reſcued me,
And ſayd deare brother liue and be a King?
Who told me when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almoſt to death, how he lapt me
Euen in his owne armes, and gaue himſelfe
All thinne and naked to the numbe cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your carters or your wayting vaſſailes
Haue done a drunken ſlaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deareſt Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for pardon, pardon
And I vniuſtly too, muſt grant it you,
But for my brother not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe,
For him poore ſoule: the proudeſt one you all
Haue beene beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once pleade for his life:
Oh God, I feare thy iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours for this. *(Exit.*
Come *Haſtings*, helpe me to my cloſet, oh poore *Clarence*,

Glo.

Glo. This is the fruit of rawneſſe: marke you not
How that the guilty kindred of the *Queene*,
Lookt pale when they did heare of *Clarence* death:
Oh, they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. But come lets in
To comfort *Edward* with our company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Dutches of Yorke, with Clarence Children.

Boy. Tell me good Granam, is our Father dead?
Dut. No Boy. (breaſt?
Boy. Why doe you wring your hands and beat your
And cry, Oh *Clarence* my vnhappy ſonne?
Girle. Why doe you looke on vs and ſhake your head?
And call vs wretched, Orphanes, caſtawaies,
If that our noble Father be aliue?
Dut. My pritty Coſens you miſtake me much,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King:
As loth to looſe him now your Fathers dead:
It were loſt labour to weepe for one that's loſt.
Boy. Then Granam you conclude that he is dead,
The King my vncle is too blame for this:
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With dayly prayers all to that effect.
Dut. Peace Children peace, the King doth loue you well,
Incapable and ſhallow inocents,
You cannot geſſe who cauſed your Fathers death.
Boy. Granam, we can: for my good Vncle *Glocester*.
Told me, the King prouoked by the *Queene*,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him:
And when he told me ſo he wept,
And hugd me in his armes, and kindly kiſt my cheekes,
And bad me relie on him as one my Father,
And he would loue me dearely as his Childe.
Dut. Oh that deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a vertuous vizard hide foule guile,
He is my ſonne, yea and therein my ſhame:
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vncle did diſſemble, Granam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it, harke, what noyſe is this?

Enter the Queene.

Qu. Who shall hinder me to waile and weepe,
To chide my fortune, and torment my selfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke despaire against my selfe,
And to my selfe become an enemy.

Dut. What meanes this scene of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence,
Edward, my Lord, your sonne, our King, is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is witherd
Why wither not the leaues, the sap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if dye, be briefe:
That our swift winged soules may catch the Kinge,
Or like obedient subiects, follow him
To his new Kingdome of perpetuall rest.

Dut. Ah so much interest haue I in thy sorrow,
As I had title in my noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his image:
But now two mirrours of his Princely semblance,
Are crack in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort haue but one false glasse,
Which grieues me when I see my shame in him,
Thou art a widdow, yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left thee:
But death hath snatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward, and *Clarence*, O what cause haue I,
Then, being but moity of my selfe,
To ouergoe thy plaints, and drowne thy cries?

Boy, Good aunt, you wept not for my fathers death,
How can we ayd you with our kindreds teares?

Girl. Our fatherlesse distresse was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewise be vnwept.

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation.
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouernd by the watry Moone,
May send forth plenteous teares to drowne the world:
Oh my husband for my heire Lord *Edward*,

Ambo

Ambo. Oh for our father for our deare Lord *Clarence*.

Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.

Qu. What stay Had I but *Edward*, and he is gone?

Ambo. What stay had we but *Clarence*, and he is gone?

Dut. What stay had I, but they, and they are gone?

Qu. Was euer widow, had so deare a losse?

Ambo. Was euer Orphanes had so deare a losse?

Dut. Was euer mother had a dearer losse
Alasse I am the mother of these moanes,
Their woes are parceld, mine are generall:
She for *Edward* weepes, and so doe I;
I for a *Clarence* weepe, so doth not she:
These babes for *Clarence* weepe and so doe I,
I for an *Edward* weepe, and so doe they,
Alas, you three on me threefold distrest.
Powre all your teares, I am your sorrows nurse, *Enter*
And I will pamper it with lamentations. *Gloucester*
Glo. Maddam haue comfort, all of vs haue cause *with*
To waile the dimming of our shining starre: *others.*
But none can cure their harmes by wayling them,
Maddam my mother, I doe cry you mercy,
I did not see yor Grace, humbly on my knee
I craue your blessing.

Dut. God blesse thee, and put meekenesse in thy minde,
Loue, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, make me to dye a good old man,
Thats the butt end of my mothers blessing,
I maruell why her Grace did leaue it out!

Buc, You cloudy Princes, and heart sorrowing Peares,
That beare this mutuall heauy loade of moane,
Now cheare each other in each others loue:
Though we haue spent our haruest for this King,
We are to reape the haruest of his sonne:
The broken rancour of your high swolne hearts,
But lastly splinted, knit, and ioynd together,
Must greatly be preserud, cherisht, and kept,
Me seemeth good that with some little traine,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetcht
Hither to *London* to be Crownd our King.

Glo. Then be it ſo: and goe we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtraight ſhall poſt to *Ludlow*?
Maddam, and you my mother will you goe,
To giue your cenſures in this waighty buſineſſe.
Anſ. With all our hearts. *Exeunt Manet Glo. Buc.*
Buc. My Lord, who euer Iourneyes to the Prince,
For Gods ſake let not vs two be behind:
For by the way ile ſort occaſion,
As index to the ſtory we lately talkt of,
To part the Queenes proud kindred from the King,
Glo. My other ſelfe, my counſels conſiſtory
My Oracle, my Prophet, my deare Coſin:
I like a child will goe by thy direction:
Towards *Ludlow* then, for we will not ſtay behind. *Exit.*

Enter two Citizens.

1 Neyghbour well met, whether a way ſo faſt?
2 I promiſe you, I ſcarcely know my ſelfe.
1 Heare you the newes abroad?
2 I, that the King is dead.
1 Bad news birlady, ſeldome comes better,
I feare, I feare, twill proue a troubleſome world, *Enter*
3 *Cit.* Good morrow neyghbours. *another*
Doth this newes horn of good King *Edwards* death.
1 It doth. 3 Then maſters looke to ſee a troubleſome
1 No, no, by Gods grace his ſonne ſhall raigne. (world.
3 Wo to that land thats gouernd by a child.
2 In him there is hope of gouernment,
That in his nonage, counſell vnder him,
And in his full ripened yeares himſelfe,
No doubt ſhall then, and till then gouerne well,
1 So ſtood the caſe when *Henrie* the ſixt
Was crownd at *Paris*, but at nine moneths old.
3 Stood the ſtate ſo; no good my friend not ſo,
For then our Land was famouſly inricht
With politicke graue counſell: then the King
Had vertuous vncles to protect his Grace.
2 So hath this, both by the father and mother.
3 Better it were they all came by the father,
Or by the father there were none at all:

For emulation now, who ſhall be earneſt,
Which touch vs all too neere if God preuent not
Oh full of danger is the Duke of *Gloceſter*,
And the Queenes kindred haughty and proud,
And were they to be rulde, and not rule,
This ſickly Land might ſolace as before.
2 Come, come, we feare the worſt, all ſhall be well,
3 When clouds appeare, wiſe men put on their cloakes.
When great leaues fall, the winter is at hand:
When the Sunne ſets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely ſtormes makes them expect a dearth:
All men be well: but if God ſort it ſo,
Tis more then we deſerue, or I expect,
1 Truely the ſoules of men are full of dread,
Yea cannot almoſt reaſon with a man
That lookes not heauy and full of feare.
3 Before the time of change ſtill it is ſo,
By a diuine inſtinct mens mindes miſtruſt
Enſuing dangers, as by proofe we ſee,
The waters ſwell before a boyſtrous ſtorme,
But leaue it all to God: whether away?
2 We are ſent for to the Iuſtice.
3 And ſo was I, ile beare you company. *Exeunt*

Enter Cardinals, Dutches of Yorke, Queene, young Yorke.

Car. Laſt night I heare they lay at *Northampton*,
At *Stony-ſtratford* will they be to night,
To morrow or next day will they be here.
Dut. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince,
I hope he is much growne ſince I laſt ſaw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they ſay my ſonne of *Yorke*
Hath ouertane him in growth.
Yor. I mother, but I would not haue it ſo.
Dut. Why my young couſin, it is good to grow,
Yor. Graman, one night as we did ſit at ſupper,
My Vncle *Riuers* talkt how I did grow
More then my brother, I quoth my Vncle *Glo.*
Small hearbes haue grace, great weeds grow apace:
And ſince my thinkes I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet flowers are ſlow, and weeds make haſte.

Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let Mothers doubt,
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine,
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pietty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two houres old,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.
Dut. I pray thee pritty *Yorke*, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go too thou art too shrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset,*
Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques, *Dorset,*
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Maddam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloceſter* and *Buckingham*.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,
The Tiger now hath seazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrany begins to iet.

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and lawlesse throane:
Welcome destruction, death, and massacre,
I see as in a Map the end of all.
Dut. Accursed and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My husband lost his life to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my sonnes were tost,
For me to ioy and weepe were gaine and losse,
And being seated and domesticke broyles
Cleane ouerblowne, themselues the conquerours
Make war vpon themselues, blood against blood,
Selfe against selfe, O prepostrous
And franticke outrage, end the damned spleene,
Or let me die to looke on death no more.
Qu. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Dut. Ile goe along with you.
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, goe.
And thither beare your treasure and your goods.
For my part, ile resigne vnto your grace,
The seale I keepe, and so betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all yours:
Come, ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt.*

The Trumpets sound. Enter young Prince, Duke of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Cardinall, &c.

Buc. Welcome sweet Prince to London, to your chamber.
Glo. Welcome sweet Cosen, my thoughts soueraigne:
The weary way hath made you melancholy.
Prin. No Vncle, but our crosses on the way,
Hath made it teadious, wearysome and heauy,
I want more Vncles here to welcome me,
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeares,
Haue not yet dined into the worlds deceit:
No more can you distinguish of a man,
Then of his outward shew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart:
Those vncles which you want were dangerous,
Your Grace attended to their sugred words,
But lookt not on the poyson of their hearts:

God keepe you from them, and from such false friends.
Prin. God keepe me from false friends, but they were none
Glo. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greete you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Ma. God blesse your Grace, with health and happy (daies.
Prin. I thanke you good my Lord, and thanke you all,
I thought my mother, and my brother *Yorke*,
Would long ere this haue met vs on the way:
Fie what a slug is *Hastings* that he comes not
To tell vs whether they will come or no. *Enter L. Hast.*
Buc. And in good time here comes the sweating Lord,
Prin. Welcome my Lord; what, will our mother come?
Hast. On what occasion God he knowes, not I:
The Queene your mother, and your brother *Yorke*
Hath taken Sanctuary: The tender Prince
Would faine come with me to meete your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.
Buc. Fie, what an indirect and peeuish course
Is this of hers? Lord *Cardinall*, will your Grace
Perswade the Queene to send the Duke of *Yorke*
Vnto his Princely brother presently?
If shee deny, Lord *Hastings* goe with them,
And from her iealous armes, plucke him perforce.
Car. My Lo. of *Buckingham*, if my weake oratory
Can from his mother winne the Duke of *Yorke*
Anon expect him here: but if she be obdurate
To milde intreaties, God forbid
We should infringe the holy priuiledge
Of blessed Sanctuary: not for all this Land,
Would I be guilty of so great a sinne,
Buc. You are too senceless obstinate my Lord,
Too ceremonius and traditionall:
Weigh it but with the greatnesse of his age,
You breake not Sanctuary in seazing him:
The benefit whereof is alwayes granted
To those whose dealings haue deserued the place,
And those who haue the wit to claime the place,
This Prince hath neyther claimed it, nor deserued it,
And therefore in mine opinion cannot haue it.

Then

Then take him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuary men,
But Sanctuary children neuer till now.
Car. My Lord, you shall ouer-rule my mind for once?
Come one Lord *Hastings*, will you goe with me?
Hast. I goe my Lord. *Exit. Car. & Hast.*
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy haste you may:
Say Vncle *Gloecester*, if our brother come,
Where shall we soiourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it thinkst best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may counsell you some day or two
Your highnesse shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please as shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I doe not like the Tower of any place,
Did *Iullius Cæser* build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did my gracious Lord begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record or else reported
Successiuely from age to age, he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gracious Lord.
Prin. But say my Lord it were not registerd,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As t'were retaild to all posterity,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vncle?
Glo. I say without Caracters fame liues long:
That like the formall vice, iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.
Prin. That *Iulius Cæser* was a famous man,
With what his valour did inrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valour liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life:
Ile tell you what, my Cousen *Buckingham*.
Buc. What my gracious Lord?
Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man.

Ile

Ile winne our ancient right in *France* againe,
Or dye a souldier as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short summers likely haue a forward spring.
Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, heere comes the Duke of *Yorke*,
Prin. Richard of *Yorke*, how fares our noble brother?
Yor. Well my deare Lord: so must I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept this Title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty,
Glo. How faires our cousen noble Lord of *Yorke*.
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vncle; O my Lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The Prince my brother hath ouer growne me farre.
Glo. Hee hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire cousen I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinsman.
Yor. I pray you vncle giue me this Dagger.
Glo. My Dagger little cousen, withall my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue
And being but a toy which is no gift, to giue,
Glo. A greater gift then that Ile giue my cousen.
Yor. A greater gift, O thats the Sword to it.
Glo. I gentle cousen were it light enough.
Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. It is to weighty for your grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord.
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yorke*, Little.
Prin. My L. of *Yorke* will still be crosse in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me;
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Because that I am little like an Ape.
He thinkes that you should beare me one your shoulders.
Buc. With what a sharpe prouided wit he reasons,
To mitigate the scorne he giues his vncle,
He pretely and aptly taunts himselfe:
So cunning and so young is wonderfull.
Glo. My Lo. wilt please you passe along?
My selfe and my good cousin *Buckingham*,
Will to your mother, to intreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.
Yor. What will you go vnto the Tower my Lord?
Prin. My Lord protecter will haue it so.
Yor. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why what should you feare?
Yor. Marry my vncle *Clarence* angry ghost:
My granam told me, he was murdred there,
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord, with a heauy heart
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
Exeunt Prin. Yor. Hast. Dor. Manet Buc. Glo.
Buc. Thinke you my L. this little prating *Yorke*,
Was not incenced by his subtile mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, O tis a perlous boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable,
He is all the mothers from the top to the toe.
Buc. Well let them rest: come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceale what we impart.
Thou knowest our reasons vrgd vpon the way:
What thinkest thou, is it not an easie matter
To make *William* L. *Hastings* of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble Duke,
In the seate royall of this famous Ile?
Cat. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buc. What thinkest thou then of *Stanley*, what will he?

Cat. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buc. Well then no more but this:
Go gentle *Catesby*, and as it were a farre off,
Sound Lord *Hastings*, how he stands affected
Vnto our purpose, If he be willing,
Encourage him and shew him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold vnwilling,
Be thou so too: and so breake off your talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination,
For we to morrow hold deuided counsels
Wherein thy selfe shall highly be imployed.
Glo. Commend me to L. *William*, tell him *Catesby*
His ancient knot of dangerous aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret* Castle,
And bid my friends for ioy of this good newes,
Giue gentle Mis *Shore* one gentle kisse the more.
Buc. Good *Catesby* effect this businesse soundly.
Cat. My good Lords both: with all the heed I may.
Glo. Shall we heare from you *Catesby* ere we sleepe?
Cat. You shall my Lord. *Exit Catesby,*
Glo. At *Crosby* place there shall you find vs both.
Buc. Now my Lord, what shall we doe if we perceiue
William Lord *Hastings* will not yeild to our complots?
Glo. Chop off his head man, some what we will doe,
And looke when I am King, claime thou of me
The Earledome of *Herford* and the moueables,
Whereof the King my brother stood possest.
Buc. Ile claime that promise at your hands.
Glo. And looke to haue it yealded with willingnesse.
Come let vs sup betimes, that afterwards
we may digest our complots in some forme *Exeunt.*

Enter a messenger to Lord Hastings.

Mess. What ho my Lord.
Hast. Who knocks at the doore?
Mess. A messenger from the Lord *Stanley*. *Enter Lo. Hast.*
Hast. What's a Clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Hast. Cannot thy master sleepe the tedious night?
Mess. So it should seeme by that I haue to say:

First he commends him to your noble Lordship.
Hast. And then. *Mes.* And then he sends you word
He dreamt to night, the Boare had cast his helme:
Besides he sayes, there are two counsels held,
And that many be determined at the one,
Which may make you and him to rew at the other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure
If presently you will take horse with him,
And with all speed post into the North,
To shun the danger that his soule diuines.
Hast. Good fellow goe returne vnto my Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated counsels;
His honour and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other is my seruant *Catesby*:
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence.
Tell him his feares are shallow, wanting instance,
And for his dreames, I wonder he is so fond
To trust the mockery of vnquiet slumbers.
To flie the Bore before the Bore persues vs,
Were to incence the Boare to follow vs,
And make pursuit where he did meane to chase:
Go bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Boare will vs kindly.
Mes. My gracious Lord, ile tell him what you say. *Exit.*

Enter Catesby to Lord Hastings.

Cat. Many good morrows to my noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*: you are early stirring,
What news, what news, in this our tottering state?
Cat. It is a reeling world indeed my Lord,
And I beleeue twill neuer stand vpright
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Hast. How? weare the Garland? dost thou meane the Crowne?
Cat. I my good Lord.
Hast. Ile haue this crowne of mine cut from my shoulders,
Ere I will see the Crowne so foule misplast;
But canst thou guesse that he doth ayme at it?
Cat. Vpon my life my L. and hopes to find you forward

Vpon his party for the gaine thereof,
And thereupon he sends you this good news:
That this same very day, your enemies,
The kindred of the Queene, must dye at *Pomfret*.
Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for this news,
Because they haue beene still mine enemies:
But that ile giue my voyce on *Richards* side,
To barre my masters heires in true desent,
God knows I will not doe it to the death.
Cat. God keepe your Lordship in that gracious mind.
Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelmonth hence,
That they who brought me to my masters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their tragedy:
I tell thee *Catesby*. *Cat.* What my Lord?
Hast. Ere a fortnight make me elder,
Ile send some packing that yet thinkes not one it.
Cat. Tis a vile thing to dye my gracious Lord
When men are vnprepard, and looke not for it.
Hast. O monstrous, monstrous, and so it fals out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*, and so twill doe
With some men else, who thinke themselues as safe
As thou, and I, who as thou knowst are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham*.
Cat. The Princes both make high account of you
For they account his head vpon the bridge.
Hast. I know they do and I haue well deserud it,

Enter Lord Stanley.

What my L. where is your Boare-speare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe you so vnprouided?
Stan. My L. good morrow: good morrow *Catesby*:
You may iest on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like these seuerall counsels.
Hast. My L. I hold my life as deare as you doe yours,
And neuer in my life I doe protest,
Was it more precious to me then it is now,
Thinke you but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am?
Stan. The lords at *Pomfret* when they rode from *London*,
Were iocund, and supposd their states was sure,

And

And indeede had no cause to mistrust:
But yet you see how soone the day orecast,
This sudden scab of rancor I misdoubt,
Pray God I say, I proue a needlesse coward,
But come my Lord shall we to the Tower?
Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes?
This day those men you talke of are beheaded.
Sta. They for their truth might better weare their heads,
Then some that haue accused them weare their hats:
But come my L. let vs away. *Exit. L. Stanley, & Cat.*
Hast. Go you before Ile follow presently.

Enter Hastings a Pursiuant.

Hast. Well met *Hastings*, how goes the world with thee?
Pur. The better that it please your good Lordship to ask?
Hast. I tell thee fellow, tis better with me now,
Then when I met thee last where now we meete
Then was I going prisoner to the Tower.
By the suggestion of the Queenes allies:
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy selfe)
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state then euer I was.
Pur. God hold it to your Honours good content.
Hast. Gramercy *Hastings*, hold spend thou that.

He giues him his purse.

Pur. God saue your Lordship. *Exit. Pur. Enter a Priest.*
Hast. What Sir *Iohn*, you are well met:
I am beholding to you for your last dayes exercise:
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. *He whispers*
Enter Buckingham. (*in his eare.*
Buc. How now *Lord Chamberlaine*, what talking with a
Your friends at *Pomfret* they doe need the Priest. (Priest.
Your Honour hath no striuing worke in hand.
Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
Those men you talke of, came into my minde:
What, go you to the Tower my Lord?
Buc. I do, but long I shall not stay,
I shall returne before your Lordship thence,
Hast. Tis like enough for I stay dinner there.
Buc. And supper too although thou knowest it not:

Come

Come shall we goe along?

Enter Sir Richard Ratliffe, with the Lord Riuers Gray and Vaughan, prisoners

Rat. Come bring forth the prisoners.

Riu. Sir Richard *Ratliffe*, let me tell thee this:
To day thou shalt behold a subiect die,
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keepe the Prince from all the packe of you:
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Riu. O *Pomfert*, *Pomfret*. O thou bloody prison,
Fatall and ominous to noble Peares:
Within the guilty closure of thy walles
Richard the second heere was hackt to death:
And for more slaunder to thy dismall soule,
We giue thee vp our guiltlesse blood to drinke.

Gray. Now *Margrets* curse is falne vpon our heads,
For standing by, when *Richard* stabd her sonne.

Riu. Then curst she *Hastings*, then curst she *Buckingham*,
Then curst she *Richard*. O remember God,
To heare her prayers for them as now for vs,
And for my sister and her princely sonne:
Be satisfied deare God with our true bloods.
Which as thou knowest vniustly must be spilt.

Rat. Come, come, dispatch, the limit of your liues is out,

Riu. Come *Gray*, come *Vaugham*, let vs all imbrace
And take our leaues vntill we meete in heauen. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to counsell.

Hast. My Lords at once, the cause why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name say, when is this royall day?

Buc. Are all things fitting for that royall time?

Dar. It is, and yet in nomination.

Bish. To morrow then, I gesse a happy time.

Buc. Who knowes the Lord *Protectors* mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke? (his mind.

Bish. Why you my L. me thinks you should soonest know

Buc. Who I my Lord? we know each others faces:
But for our hearts, he knowes no more of mine,
Then I of yours: nor I no more of his, then you of mine,

Lord

Lord *Hastings*, you and he are neere in loue.

Hast. I thanke his grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpose in the Coronation
I haue not sounded him, nor he deliuered
His graces pleasure any way therein:
But you my Lord may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my voyce,
Which I presume he will take in good part.

Bish. Now in good time heere comes the Duke himselfe.

Enter Glocester.

Glo. My noble Lord, and cousens all good morrow,
I haue beene long a sleepe, but now I hope
My absence doth neglect no great designes,
Which by my presence might haue beene concluded.

Buc. Had not you come vpon your kew my Lord,
William L. Hastings had now pronounst your part:
I meane your voyce from Crowning of the King,

Glo. Then my *L. Hastings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knowes me well, and loues me well.

Hast. I thanke your grace.

Glo. My Lord of *Elie*.

Bish. My Lord.

Glo. When I was last in Holborne,
I saw good strawberies in you Garden there,
I doe beseech you send for some of them.

Bish. I goe my Lord.

Glo. Cousen *Buckingham*, a word with you:
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our businesse,
And finds the testy Gentleman so hote,
As he will loose his head ere giue consent,
His maisters sonne as worshipfull he termes it,
Shall loose the royalty of *Englands* Throane.

Buc. Withdraw you hence my *L.* Ile follow you. *Ex. Glo.*

Dar. We haue not yet set downe this day of triumph.
To morrow in mine opinion is too soone:
For I my selfe am not so well prouided,
As else I would be, were the day prolonged.

Enter the Bishop of Elie. (berries.

Bish. Where is my *L. Protector*, I haue sent for these straw-

Haſt. His grace lookes chearefully and ſmooth to day,
Theres ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When he doth bid good morrow with ſuch a ſpirit
I thinke there is neuer a man in Chriſtendome,
That can leſſe hide his loue or hate then he:
For by his face ſtraight ſhall you know his heart.
Dar. What of his heart perceiue you in his face,
By any likelihood he ſhewed to day?
Haſt. Marry that with no man heere he is offended,
For if he were, he would haue ſhewde it in his face.
Dar. I pray God he be not, I ſay.

Enter Gloceſter.

Glo. I pray you all, what do they deſerue
That do conſpire my death with diueliſh plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that haue preuaild?
Vpon my body with their helliſh charmes?
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your grace my Lord
Makes me moſt forward in this noble preſence,
To doome the offenders whatſoeuer they be:
I ſay my Lord they haue deſerued death,
Glo. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of this ill,
See how I am bewitcht, behold mine arme
Is like a blaſted ſapling withered vp.
This is that *Edwards* wife, that monſtrous witch,
Conſorted with that harlot ſtrumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this thing my gracious Lord.
Glo. If thou *Protector* of this damned ſtrumpet.
Telſt thou me of iffs? thou art a traitor.
Off with his head: Now by Saint *Paul*,
I will not dine to day I ſwere,
Vntill I ſee the ſame; ſome ſee it done:
The reſt that loue me, come and follow me. *Exeunt, manet*
Haſt. Wo, wo, for *England*, not a whit for me. *Ca. with Haſt.*
For I too fond might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame the boare did race his helme,
But I diſdaind it and did ſcorne to flie,
Three times to day my footecloth Horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted when he lookt vpon the Tower,

As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
Oh now I warrant the Prieſt that ſpake to me,
I now repent I told the Purſiuant,
As twere triumphing at mine enemies,
How they at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcherd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure in grace and fauour,
Oh *Margret*, *Margret*, now thy heauy curſe
Is lightned on poore *Haſtings* wretched head.
Cat. Diſpatch my Lord, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort ſhrift, he longs to ſee your head.
Haſt. O momentary ſtate of worldly men,
Which we more hunt for, then for the grace of heauen:
Who builds his hopes in the ayre of your faire lookes,
Liues like a drunken ſayler on a maſt,
Ready with euery nod to tumble downe
Into the fatall bowels of the deepe.
Come leade me to the blocke, beare him my head.
They ſmile at me, that ſhortly ſhall be dead *Exeunt.*

Enter Duke of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, in armour.

Glo. Come couſen, canſt thou quake and change thy colour
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then begin againe and ſtop againe,
As if thou wert deſtract and mad with terror,
Buc. Tut feare not me,
I can counterfeit the deepe Traiedian,
Speake and looke backe and prie on euery ſide;
Intending deepe ſuſpition gaſtly lookes
Are at my ſeruice like enforſed ſmiles,
And both are ready in their offices
To grace my ſtratagems. *Enter Maior.*
Glo. Here comes the Maior
Buc. Let me alone to entertaine him. L. Maior
Glo. Looke to the draw-bridge there.
Buc. The reaſon we haue ſent for you.
Glo. *Catesby* ouer-looke the walles.
Buc. Harke, I heare a drumme.
Glo. Looke backe defend thee, here are enemies
Buc. God and our innocency defend vs.
Glo. O, O, be quiet it is *Catesby*.

EX BIBL. DUNV. EDINBURGEN.

Enter Catesby, with Hastings head.

Cat. Here is the head of that ignoble traytor,
The dangerous and vnsuspected *Hastings*,
Glo. So deare I lou'd the man that I must weepe:
I tooke him for the playnest harmelesse man,
That breathed vpon this earth a Christian:
Looke ye my Lord Maior:
I made him my booke wherein my soule recorded
The History of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daubd his vice with shew of vertue,
That his apparent open guilt omitted;
I meane, his conuersation with *Shores* wife,
He lay'd from all attainder of suspect.
Buc, Well, well, he was the conuertst sheltred traytor
That euer liu'd, would you haue imagined,
Or almost beleeue, were it not by great preseruation
We liue to tell it you? the subtile traytor
Had this day plotted in the counsell house,
To murder me and my good Lord *Gloucester*.
Ma. What, had he so?
Glo. What thinke ye we are Turkes or Infidels,
Or that we should against the course of Law,
Proceed thus rashly to the villaines death,
But that the extreame perrill of the case,
The peace of *England*, and our persons safety
Inforst vs to this execution?
Ma. Now faire befall you, he deserued his death,
And you my good Lords both, haue well proceeded,
To warne false traytors from the like attempts:
I neuer lookt for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistris *Shore*.
Glo, Yet had not we determind he should dye
Vntill your Lordship came to see his death,
Which now the longing hast of these our friends
Somewhat against our meaning haue preuented,
Because my Lord, we would haue had you heard
The traytor speake, and timerously confesse
The manner and the purpose of his treason,
That you might well haue signified the same

Vnto the Citizens, who happily may
Misconsture vs in him, and waile his death.
Ma. My good Lord your gracious word shall serue
As well, as if I had seene or heard him speake:
And doubt you not right noble Princes both,
But ile acquaint your dutious Citizens
With all your iust proceedings in this case.
Glo. And to that end we wisht your Lordship here,
To auoyd the carping censures of the world.
Buc. But since you came too late of our intents,
Yet witnesse what we did intend, and so my Lord adue.
Glo. After, after, cousin *Buckingham*, *Exit Maior.*
The Maior towards *Guild hall* hies him in all post,
There at your meetest aduantage of the time,
Inferre the bastardy of *Edwards* children:
Tell them how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for saying he would make his sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning (indeed) his house,
Which by the signe thereof was termed so.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull luxury,
And beastly appetite in change of lust,
Which stretched to their seruants, daughters, wiues,
Euen where his lustfull eye, or sauage heart,
Without controle listed to make his prey:
Nay for a need thus farre come neare my person,
Tell them, when that my mother went with child
Of that vnsatiat *Edward*, noble *Yorke*,
My Princely father then had warres in *France*,
And by iust computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot,
Which well appeared in his lineaments
Being nothing like the noble Duke my father,
But touch this sparingly as it were farre of,
Because you know my Lord, my brother liues.
Buc. Feare not my Lord, ile play the Orator
As if the golden fee for which I pleade,
Were for my selfe.
Glo. If you thriue well, bring them to *Baynards* Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied

With reuerend Fathers, and well learned Bishops.
Buc. About three or foure a clocke looke to heare
What newes Guild-hall affordeth, and so my Lord farewell.
Glo. Now will I in to take some priuy order *Exit Buc.*
To draw the brates of *Clarence* out of sight,
And to giue notice that no manner of person
At any time, haue recourse vnto the Princes. *Exit.*

Enter a Scriuener, with a paper in his hand.

This is the indictment of the good Lord *Hastings*,
Which in a set hand fairely is ingross'd.
That it may be this day red ouer in *Pauls*:
And marke how well the sequell hangs together,
Eleuen houres I spent to writ it ouer,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it brought me,
The president was full as long a doing,
And yet within these fiue houres liu'd Lord *Hastings*
Vntainted, vnexamined: free at liberty:
Here's a good world the while, Why who's so grosse
That sees not this palpable deuice?
Yet who's so blind that sayes he sees it not?
Bad is the world, and all will come to nought,
When such bad dealing must be seene in thought: *Exit.*

Enter Gloucester at one doore, Buckingham at another.

Glo. How now my Lord, what sayes the Citizens?
Buc. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mumme and speake not a word.
Glo. Toucht you the bastardy of *Edwards* Children?
Buc. I did, with the infatiat greedinesse of his desires,
His tyranny for trifles: his owne bastardy,
As being got your father then in *France*:
Withall I did inferre your lineaments,
Being the right Idea of your father,
Both in forme and nobleneſſe of mind:
Layd vpon all your victories in *Scotland*:
Your Discipline in warre, wisedome in peace:
Your bounty, vertue, faire humility:
Indeed left nothing fitting for the purpose
Vntouch't or slightly handled in discourse:
And when my oratory grew to end,

I bad them that loues their Countries good,
Cry God saue *Richard* Englands royall King,
Glo. A, and did they so?
Buc. No so God helpe me,
But like dumbe statues or breathlesse stones,
Gazde each on other and lookt deadly pale:
Which when I saw, I reprehended them:
And askt the Maior what meanes this wilfull silence?
His answere was the people were not wont
To be spoke too, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrgde to tell my tale againe:
Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferd;
But nothing spake in warrant from himselfe:
When he had done, some followers of mine owne
At the lower end of the hall, hurled vp their caps,
And some ten voyces cryed, God saue King *Richard*
Thankes noble Citizens and friends quoth I,
This generall applause and louing shoute,
Argues your wisdome and your loue to *Richard*:
And so brake off and came away.
Glo. What tongueleſſe blockes were they, would they (not speake?
Buc. No by my troth my Lord.
Glo. Will not the Mayor then, and his brethren come?
Buc. The Mayor is heere: and intend some feare,
Be not spoken withall, but with mighty suite:
And looke you get a prayer booke in your hand,
And stand betwixt to Church-men good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile build a holy descant:
Be not easie wonne to our request:
Play the maydes part, say no, but take it.
Glo. Feare not me, if thou canst plead as well for them,
As I can say nay to thee for my selfe,
No doubt weele bring it to a happy issue.
Buc. You shall see what I can do, get vp to the leads. *Ex.*
Now my Lord Maior, you dance attendance heere,
I thinke the Duke will not be spoken withall. *Enter Catesby*
Here comes his seruant, how now *Catesby*, what sayes he?
Cat. My Lord he doth intreat your grace
To visit him to morrow, or next day;

He is within and two reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly ſute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exerciſe.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy Lord againe,
Tell him my ſelfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe deſignes and matters of great moment,
No leſſe importing them then our generall good.
Are come to haue ſome conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile tell him what you ſay my Lord. *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a lewd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping to ingroſſe his idle body.
But praying to inrich his watchfull ſoule,
Happy were *England*, would this gracious prince:
Take on himſelfe the ſoueraignety thereon,
But ſure I feare we ſhall neuer winne him to it.
Ma. Marry God for bid his grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*.
What ſayes your *Lord*?
Cat. My L. he wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens to ſpeake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My Lord, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sorry I am my noble couſen ſhould
Suſpect me that I meane no good to him,
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And ſo once more returne and tell his grace:
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them thence,
So ſweete is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich, and two Biſhops aloft.
Mai. See where he ſtands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two propes of vertue for a Chriſtian Prince:
To ſtay him from the fall of vanity,

Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend fauorable eares to my requeſt:
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy deuotion and right Chriſtian zeale.
Glo. My Lord, there needs no ſuch Apology,
I rather doe beſeech you pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Neglect the viſitation of my friends:
But leauing this, what is your graces pleaſure?
Buc Euen that I hope which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men of this vngouernd Ile.
Glo. I doe ſuſpect, I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeeme diſgracious in the Cities eyes,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance:
Buc. You haue my Lord: would it pleaſe your grace
At our intreaties to amend that fault.
Glo. Elſe wherefore breath I in a Chriſtian land?
Buc. Then know it is your fault that you reſigne
The Supreame Seate, the throane maieſticall,
The Scepter office of your Anceſtors.
The lineall glory of your royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht ſtocke:
Whileſt in the mildeneſſe of your ſleepy thoughts,
Which heere we waken to your Countries good:
This noble Ile doth want his proper limbes,
Her face defac't with ſcars of infamy,
And almoſt ſhouldred in this ſwallowing gulph
Of blind forgetfullneſſe and darke obliuion:
Which to recouer we hartily ſolicite
Your gracious ſelfe to take on you the ſoueraignty thereof,
Not as *Protector*, Steward, Subſtitute,
Nor lowly factor for an others gaine?
But as ſucceſſiuely from blood to blood,
Your right of birth your Empery, your owne:
For this conſorted with the Citizens,
Your worſhipfull and very louing friends,
And by there vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt ſute come I to moue your Grace.
Glo. I know not whither to depart in ſilence.

Or bitterly to speake in your reproofe,
Best fits my degree, or your condition:
Your loue deserues my thankes, but my desert
Vnmeritable shunes your high request,
First, if all obstacles were cut away;
And that my path were euen to the Crowne,
As my right reuenew and due by birth,
Yet so much is my pouerty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
As I had rather hide me from my greatnesse,
Being a barke to brooke no mighty sea,
Then in my greatnesse couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smothered:
But God be thanked ther's no need for me,
And much I need to helpe you if need were,
The royall tree hath left vs royall fruit,
Which mellowed by the stealing houres of time,
Will well become the seate of Maiesty;
And make, no doubt, vs happy by his raigne,
On him I lay what you would on me:
The right and fortune of his happy starres,
Which God defend that I should wring from him.
Buc. My Lord, this argues conscience in your Grace
But the respects thereof are nice and triuiall,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that *Edward* is your brothers sonne,
So say we too but not by *Edwards* wife:
For first he was contracted to Lady *Lucy*,
Your mother liues a witnesse to that vow,
And afterwards by substitute betrothed
To *Bona* sister to the King of *France*,
These both put by a poore petitioner,
A care-crazd mother of many children,
A beauty-waining and distressed widdow,
Euen in the afternoone of her best dayes,
Made price and purchace of his lustfull eye,
Seduce the pitch and height of all his thoughts,
To base declention loathed bigamy,
By her in this vnlawfull bed he got,

This *Edward*, whom our manners terme the Prince:
More bitterly could I expostulate,
Saue that for reuerence to some aliue
I giue a sparing limit to my tongue:
Then good my Lord, take to your royall selfe,
This proffered benefit of dignity?
If not to bless vs and the Land withall.
Yet to draw out your royall stocke,
From the corruption of a busy time,
Vnto a lineall true deriued course.
May. Doe good my Lord, your Citizens intreat you.
Cat. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull suit.
Glo. Alas, why should you heape those cares on me,
I am vnfit for state and dignity:
I doe beseech you take it not amisse,
I cannot nor I will not yeild to you.
Buc. If you refuse it as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depose the child your brothers sonne,
As well we know your tendernesse of heart,
And gentle kind effeminate remorse,
Which we haue noted in you to your kin,
And equally indeed to all estates,
Yet whether you except our suit or no,
Your brothers son shall neuer raigne our King,
But we will plant some other in the Throne,
To the disgrace and downefall of your house:
And in this resolution here I leaue you,
Come Citizens, zounds, ile intreat no more.
Glo. O doe not sweare my Lord of *Buckingham*.
Cat. Call them againe my Lord, and accept their suite.
Ano. Do good my Lord, least all the Land do rew it.
Glo. Would you enforce me to a world of care?
Well call them againe, I am not made of stones,
But penetrable to your kind intents,
Albeit against my conscience, and my soule;
Cousin of *Buckingham*, and you sage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my backe,
To beare the burthen whether I will or no,
I must haue patience to endure the loade.

But if blacke scandall or so foule fac't reproach
Attend the sequell of your imposition,
Your meere inforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure plots and staines thereof,
For God he knows and you may partly see,
How farre I am from the desire thereof.
May. God blesse your Grace, we see it, and will say it.
Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.
Buc. Then I salute you with this kingly title:
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands royall King.
May. Amen.
Buc. To morrow will it please you to be Crown'd?
Glo. Euen when you will, since you will haue it so.
Buc. To morrow then we will attend your Grace.
Glo. Come let vs to our holy taske againe:
Farewell good cousin, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene mother, Dutches of Yorke, Marquesse Dorset, at one dore, Dutches of Glocester at another doore.

Dut. Who meets vs here, my Neece Plantagenet?
Qu. Sister well met, whether away so fast?
Dut. Glo. No farther then the Tower, and as I guesse,
Vpon the like deuotion as your selues,
To gratulate the tender Princes there.
Qu. Kind sister thankes, weele enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant of the Tower.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes.
M. Lieutenant, pray you by your leaue,
How fares the Prince?
Lieu. Well Maddam and in health, but by your leaue,
I may not suffer you to visit him,
The King hath straightly charged to the contrary.
Qu. The King, why who is that?
Lieu. I cry you mercy, I meane the Lord *Protector.*
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly title:
Hath he set bonds betwixt there loue and me:
I am their mother, who should keepe me from them?
I am their father, mother, and will see them.
Dut. Glo. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their mother:

Then

Then feare not thou, ile beare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee on my perill.
Lieu. I doe beseech your graces all to pardon me:
I am bound by oath, I may not doe it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you Ladies at an houre hence,
And ile salute your Grace of *Yorke*, as mother:
And reuerend looker one, of two faire Queenes.
Come Maddam, you must goe with me to *Westminster*,
There to be Crowned *Richards* royall Queene.
Qu. O cut my lace in sunder, that my pent heart
May haue some scope to beate, or else I sound
With this deadliking news.
Dor. Maddam haue comfort, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorset*, speake not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dogs thee at the heeles,
Thy mothers name is ominous to children,
If thou wilt ouerstrip death, goe crosse the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond* from the race of hell,
Goe hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,
Least thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margrets* curse,
Not mother, wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsell Madam,
Take all the swift aduantage of the time,
You shall haue letters from me to my sonne,
To meet you on the way and welcome you,
Be not taken tardy by vnwise delay.
Dut. Yor. O ill dispersing wind of misery,
O my accursed wombe the bed of death,
A Cokatrice hast thou hatcht to the world,
Whose vnauoyded eye is murderous.
Stan. Come Maddam, I in all hast was sent for.
Dut. And I in all vnwillingnesse will goe,
I would to God that the inclusiue verge
Of goulden mettall that must round my brow,
Were red hot steele to seare me to the braine,
Anoynted let me be with deadly poyson,
And die ere men can say God saue the Queene.

Qu.

Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I enuy not thy glory,
To feed my humour wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Dut.Glo. No, when he that is my husband now,
Came to me, I followed *Henries* Courſe,
When the blood was ſcarce waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other angell husband,
And that dead ſaint, which then I weeping followed,
O, when I ſay, I lookt on *Richards* face,
This was my wiſh, be thou quoth I accurſt,
For making me ſo young, ſo old a widdow.
And when thou wedſt, let ſorrow haunt thy bed,
And be thy wife if any be ſo bad
As miſerable by the death of thee,
As thou haſt made me by my deare Lords death,
Lo euen I can repeate this curſe againe,
Euen in ſo ſhort a ſpace, my womans heart
Croſly grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the ſubiect of mine owne ſoules curſe,
Which euer ſince hath kept mine eyes from ſleepe,
For neuer yet one houre in his bed,
Haue I inioyed the golden dew of ſleepe,
But haue beene waked by his timerous dreames.
Beſides he hates me for my father Warwicke,
And will ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Alas poore ſoule, I pity thy complaints.
Dut.Glo. No more then from my ſoule I mourne for yours
Qu. Farewell, thou woefull welcomer of glory.
Dut.Glo. Adue poore ſoule thou takeſt thy leaue of it,
D.Yor. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels guard thee,
Go thou to ſanctuary, good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my graue, where peace and reſt lye with me,
Eyghty old yeares of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each houres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.

The trumpets ſound. Enter Richard Crowned, Buckingham, Catesby, with other Nobles.

King. Stand all apart. Couſin of *Buckingham*,
Giue me thy hand. *Here he aſcends his Throne.*
Thus

Thus high by thy aduice
And thy aſſiſtance is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall we weare theſe honours for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt and we reioyce in them?
Buc. Still liue they, and forener may they laſt.
King. O *Buckingham* now I doe play the touch,
To try if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Yong *Edward* liues: thinke now what I would ſay
Buc. Say on my gracious Soueraigne.
King. Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buc. Why ſo you are my thrice renowned Liege,
King. Ha: am I King? tis ſo, but *Edward* liues.
Buc. True noble Prince.
King. O bitter conſequence,
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true noble Prince,
Couſin thou wert not wont to be ſo dull,
Shall I be plaine I wiſh the baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddainly performd,
What ſaieſt thou? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe,
Buc. Your grace may doe your pleaſure.
King. Tut, tut, thou art all yce, thy kindneſſe freezeth,
Say, haue I thy conſent that they ſhall die?
Buc. Giue me ſome breath my Lord,
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake herein:
I will reſolue your grace imediatly.
Cat. The King is angry ſee he bites his lip.
King. I will conuerſe with iron witty fooles,
And vnreſpectiue *Boyes*, none are for me
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes:
Boy. High reaching *Buckingham* growes circumſpect.
Boy. Lord.
King. Know'ſt thou not any whom corrupting Gold
Would tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of death.
Boy. My Lord, I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes matcht not his haughty mind,
Gold were as good as twenty Orators,
And will no doubt tempt him to any thing.
King. What is his name?
Boy. His name my Lord, is *Terrel.*

King

King. Goe call him hither presently.
The deepe reſoluing witty *Buckingham*,
No more ſhall be the neighbour to my counſell,
Hath he ſo long held out with me vntirde,
And ſtops he now for breath?

Enter Darby

How now what newes with you?

Dar. My Lord I heare the Marqueſſe *Dorſet*
Is fled to *Richmond*, in thoſe parts beyond the ſeas
Where he abides.

King. Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.

King. Rumor this abroad.
That *Anne* my wife is ſicke and like to die,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe;
Enquire me out ſome meane borne Gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to *Clarence* daughter
The boy is fooliſh and I feare not him;
Looke how thou dreameſt; I ſay againe, giue out
That *Anne* my wife is ſicke and like to die.
About it, for it ſtands me much vpon,
To ſtop all hopes whoſe growth may damage me,
I muſt be married to my brothers daughter,
Or elſe my Kingdome ſtands on brittle glaſſe.
Murther her brother, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine, but I am in
So farre in blood, that ſinne pluckes on ſinne,
Teares falling, pitty dwels not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?

Tir. Iames Tirrel & your moſt obedient ſubiect.

King. Art thou indeed?

Tir. Proue me my gracious ſouereigne.

King. Dar'ſt thou reſolue to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. I my Lord but I had rather kill two deepe enemies

King. Why there thou haſt it, two deepe enemies.
Foes to my reſt that my ſweet ſleepe diſturbs,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon;
Tirrel, I meane thoſe baſtards in the Tower.

Tir. Let me haue meanes to come to them,

And ſoone ile rid you from the feare of them.

Kin. Thou ſingſt ſweet muſicke, Come hither *Tirrell*,
Goby that token, riſe and lend thine eare, *He whiſpers*
Tis no more but ſo, ſay, is it done? *in his eare.*
And I will loue thee, and prefer thee too.

Tir. Tis done my good Lord.

Kin. Shall we heare from thee *Tirrell*, ere we ſleepe?

Tir. Yea my good Lord. *Enter Buckingham.*

Buc. My Lord, I haue conſidered in my mind,
The late demand that you did ſound me in.

Kin. Well let that paſſe, *Dorſet* is fled to *Richmond*.

Buc. I heare that newes my Lord.

Kin. Stanley, he is your wiues ſonne: Well, looke to it.

Buc. My Lord, I claime your gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your honour and your faith is pawnd,
The Earledome of *Herford*, and the moueables,
The which you promiſed I ſhould poſſeſſe,

Kin. Stanley, looke to your wife, if they conuey
Letters to *Richmond*, you ſhall anſwer it,

Buc. What ſayes your highneſſe to my iuſt demand?

Kin. As I remember *Henry* the ſixt
Did propheſie that *Richmond* ſhould be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuiſh boy,
A King perhaps, perhaps.

Buc. My Lord.

Kin, How chance the Prophet could not at that time,
Haue told me I being by, that I ſhould kill him.

Buc. My Lord, your promiſe for the Earledome.

Kin. Richmond, When laſt I was at *Exeter*.
The Maior in curteſie ſhewd me the Caſtle,
And called it Rugemount, at which name I ſtarted,
Becauſe a Lord of *Ireland* told me once,
I ſhould not liue long after I ſaw *Richmond*.

Buc. My Lord.

Kin. I, Whats a clocke?

Buc. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promiſd me.

Kin. Well, but whats a clocke?

Buc. Vpon the ſtroke of 10.

King. Well, let it strike.
Buc. Why let it strike?
King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then resolue me whether you will or no?
Kin. Tut, tut, thou troublest me; I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buc. Is it euen so, rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt; made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyranous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of pitious massacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forrest* whom I did subborne,
To doe this ruthfull piece of butchery,
Although they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderneſſe and compassion,
wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth *Dighton* lay these tender babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest* girding one another
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalke,
When in there summer beauty kist each other,
A booke of prayer on their pillow lay,
Which once quoth *Forrest* almost changd my mind,
But O the diuell! there the villaine stopt,
Whilst *Dighton* thus told, one we smothered,
The most replenisht sweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framd,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring these tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my soueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrel*, and I happy in thy news?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happyneſſe, be happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King. But didst thou see them dead?
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle *Tirrell*?
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them:
But how or in what place I do not know.
King. Come to me *Tirrell* soone after supper,
And thou shalt tell the processe of their death,
Meane time but thinke how I may do thee good
And be inheritor of thy desire, *Exit Tirrell.*
Farewell till soone.
The sonne of *Clarence* haue I pend vp close,
His daughter meanely haue I matcht in marriage,
The sons of *Edward* sleepe in *Abrahams* bosome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid the world goodnight:
Now for I know the Brittaine *Richmond* aimes
At young *Elizabeth*, my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly ore the Crowne,
To her I goe A iolly thriuing wooer, *Enter Catesby.*
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good news, or bad, that thou commest so bluntly?
Cat. Bad news my Lord, *Ely* is fled to *Richmond*
And *Buckingham* backt with the hardy *Welchmen*
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.
King. *Elie* with *Richmond* troubles me more
Then *Buckingham* and his rash leueld army:
Come I haue heard that fearefull commenting,
Is leaden seruitor to dull delay,
Delay leads impotent and snaile-pact beggery,
Then fiery expedition be my wings,
Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald for a King:
Come muster men, my counsaile is my shield,
We must be briefe, when traytors braue the field. *Exeunt.*

Enter Queene Margret sola.

Q. Mar. So now prosperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Here in these confines slily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine aduersaries:
A dire induction am I witnesse too,
And will to *France*, hoping the consequence

Will proue as bitter, blacke and tragicall,
Withdraw thee wretched *Margret*, who comes here.

Enter the Queene, and the Dutches of Yorke.

Qu. Ah my young Princes, ah my tender babes,
My vnblowne flower, new appearing sweet,
If yet your gentle soules flye in the ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer aboue me with your aiery wings,
And heare your mothers lamentations.

Q. Mar. Houer about her, say that right for right
Hath dimd your infant morne, to aged night,

Qu. Wilt thou O God flie from such gentle lambes,
And throw them in the intrales of the wolfe:
When didst thou sleepe when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy *Mary* dyed, and my sweet sonne.

Dut. Blind sight, dead life, poore mortall liuing Ghost,
Woes sceane, worlds shame, graues due by life vsurpt,
Rest their vnrest on *Englands* lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke, with innocents blood.

Qu. O that thou wouldst as well afford a graue
As thou canst yeild a melancholly seat,
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here;
O who hath any cause to mourne but I?

Dut. So many miseries hath crazd my voyce
That my woe-wearied tongue, is mute and dumb
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of signiory,
And let my woes frowne on the vpper-hand,
If sorrow can admit society.
Tell ouer your woes againe by vewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
I had a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kild him.
Thou hadst a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kild him.

Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou didst kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, and thou holpst to kill him:

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a *Clarence* too, till *Richard* kild him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept,

A hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death,
That Dog that had his teeth before his eyes
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood,
That foule defacer of Gods handy-worke,
Thy wombe let loose to chase vs to our graues,
O vpright, iust, and true disposing God,
How do I thanke thee, for this carnall Cur
Preyes on the issue of his Mothers body,
And make her pewfellow with others moane.

Dut. O *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes,
God witnesse with me I haue wept for thee.

Q. Mar. Beare with me, I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it:
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that stabd my *Edward*,
Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*,
Young *Yorke*, he is but boote, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my losse:
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that kild my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this tragicke play,
The adulterate *Hastings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*:
Vntimely smothered in their dusky graues,
Richard, yet liues, hels blacke intelligencer,
Onely reserued their factor to buy soules,
And send them thither, but at hand,
Ensues his pitious, and vnpitied end,
Earth gapes, hell burnes, fiends roare, Saints pray
To haue him suddenly conueyed away.
Cancell his bonds of life deare God I pray,
That I may liue to say, the Dog is dead.

Qu. O thou didst prophesie the time would come
That I should wish for thee to helpe me curse
That botteld spider, that foule hunch-backt Toad.

Q. Mar. I cald thee then vaine flourish of my fortune,
I cald thee then poore shadow, painted Queene,
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direfull pageant,
One heau'd a high to be hurl'd downe below,
A mother onely mockt with two sweet babes,
A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,

A ſigne of dignity, a gariſh flag,
To be the aime of euery dangerous ſhot,
A Queene inieſt, onely to fill the ſceane:
Where is thy husband now, where be thy brothers?
Where be thy children, wherein doſt thou ioy?
Who ſues to thee, and cries, God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging troupes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art,
For happy wife, a moſt diſtreſſed widdow;
For ioyfull mother, one that wailes the name;
For Queene, a very catife, crownd with care;
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues;
For one commanding all, obeyed of none:
For one that ſcornd at me, now ſcornd of me.
Thus hath the courſe of iuſtice whel'd about
And left me but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but thought of what thou art,
To torture thee the more being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my ſorrow?
Now thy proud necke, beares halfe my burdened yoake:
From which, euen here, I ſlip my wearied necke,
And leaue the burthen of it all on thee:
Farewell *Yorkes* wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes will make me ſmile in *France*,
Qu. O thou well skild in curſes, ſtay a while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Q. Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day,
Compare deaths happineſſe with liuing woe,
Thinke that thy babes were fairer then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bettring thy loſſe make the bad cauſe worſer,
Reuoluing this will teach thee how to curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Q. M. Thy woes will make them ſharp, & pierce like mine
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words? *Exit Ma.*
Q. Windy atturnies to your clients woes,
Aiery ſucceeders of inteſtate ioyes,

Poore

Poore breathing orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they do impart
Helpe not all, yet do they eaſe the heart.
Dut. If ſo then be not toung-tide, goe with me.
And in the breath of bitter words, lets ſmother
My damned ſonne, which thy two ſonnes ſmotherd
I heare his Drum, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, marching with Drums, and Trumpets.

King. Who intercepts my expedition?
Dut. A ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee,
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters wretch, that thou haſt done,
Qu. Haſt thou that forehead with a golden Crowne,
Where ſhould be grauen, if that right were right,
The ſlaughter of the Prince that owde that Crowne,
And the dire death of my two ſonnes, and brothers:
Tell me thou villaine ſlaue, where are my children?
Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother *Clarence*?
And little *Ned* Plantagenet, his ſonne?
Qu. Where is kind *Haſtings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*?
King. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtrike alarum Drums,
Let not the heauens heare theſe tel-tale women
Rayle on the Lords Anoynted, Strike I ſay. *The trumpets*
Eyther be patient, and intreat me faire, *ſound.*
Or with the clamorous reports of warre,
Thus will I drownd your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my ſonne?
King. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
King. Maddam I haue a touch of your condition,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe,
Dut. I will be mild and gentle in my ſpeech.
King. And briefe good mother for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſtie, I haue ſtayd for thee,
God knows in anguiſh, paine, and agonie.
King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy rood thou knowſt it well,
Thou camſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:

A grieuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Tetchy and waiward was thy infancy,
Thy schoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wild and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proude, subtile, bloody trecherous,
What comfortable houre canst thou name,
That euer graced me in thy company?

Kin. Faith none but *Humphreys* houre, that cald your (Grace
To breakefast once forth of my company?
If it be so grieious in your sight,
Let me march on, and not offend you grace.

Dut. O heare me speake, for I shall neuer see thee more.

Kin. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Eyther thou wilt die by Gods iust ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a conquerour
Or I with griefe and extreame age shall perish,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my most heauy curse,
Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou wearst
My prayers on the aduerse party fight,
And there the little soules of *Edwards* children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them successe in victory,
Bloody thou art, and bloody will be thy end,
Shame serues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cause, yet much lesse spirit to curse
Abides in me, I say amen to all.

Kin. Stay Maddam, I must speake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more sonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murther, for my daughters, *Richard*
They shall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues,

Kin. You haue a daughter cald *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gratious.

Qu. And must she die for this? O let her liue,
And ile corrupt her manners, staine her beauty,
Slander my selfe, as false to *Edwards* bed,
Throw ouer her the vaile of infamy,
So she may liue vnscard from bleeding slaughter

I will

I will confesse she was not *Edwards* daughter.

Kin. Wrong not her birth, she is of royall blood.

Qu. To saue her life, ile say she is not so.

Kin. Her life is onely safest in her birth.

Qu. And only in that safety dyed her brothers.

Kin. Loe at their births good starres are opposit

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

Kin. All vnauoyded is the doome of destiny.

Qu. True when auoyded grace makes destiny,
My babes were destind to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

Kin. Maddam, so thriue I in my dangerous attempt of hostile armes,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours were by me wrong'd.

Qu What good is couered with the face of Heauen,
To be discouered that can do me good.

Kin. The aduancement of your children mighty Lady,

Qu. Vp to some scaffold, there to loose their heads.

Kin. No, to the dignity, and height of honour,
The height imperiall type of this earths glory.

Qu. Flatter my sorrows with report of it,
Tell me what state, what dignity what honor,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine.

Kin. Euen all I haue, yea and my selfe and all,
Will I endow a child of thine,
So in the Lethe of thy angry soule,
Thou drownd the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I haue done to thee.

Qu. Be briefe, least that the processe of thy kindnesse
Last longer telling then thy kindnesse doo.

Kin. Then know that from my soule I loue my daughter,

Qu. My daughters mother thinks it with her soule.

Kin. What do you thinke?

Qu. That thou dost loue my daughter from thy soule,
So from thy soule didst thou loue her brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I thanke thee for it.

Kin Be not so hasty to confound my meaning,
I meane that with my soule I loue thy daughter,
And meane to make her Queene of *England*.

Qu. Say then who doest thou meane shall be her King?
King. Euen he that makes her Queene, who should else?
Qu. What thou?
King. I, euen I, what thinke you of it Maddam?
Qu. How canst thou woe her?
King. That I would learne of you,
As one that were best aquainted with her humor,
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
King. Maddam with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that slew her brothers
A paire of bleeding hearts, thereon ingraue,
Edward and *Yorke*, then happily she will weepe,
Therefore present to her, as sometimes *Margret*
Did to my Father, a handkercheffe steept in *Rutlands* blood
And bid her dry her weeping eyes therewith,
If this inducement force her not to loue,
Send her a story of thy noble acts:
Tell her thou mad'st away her vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vncle *Riuers*, yea and for her sake
Madest quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
King, Come, come, ye mocke me, this is not the way
To winne your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnlesse thou couldest put on some other shape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
King. Inferre faire *Englands* peace by his alliance.
Qu. Which she shall purchace with still lasting warre.
King. Say that the King which may command, intreats.
Qu. That at her hands which the Kings king forbid.
King. Say she shall be a high and mighty Queene.
Qu. To waile the title as her mother doth.
King. Say I will loue her euerlastingly.
Qu. But how long shall that title euer last?
King. Sweetly inforce vnto her faire liues end,
Qu. But how long fairely shall that title last?
King. So long as heauen and nature lengthens it.
Qu. So long as hell and *Richard* likes of it.
King. Say I her Soueraigne am her subiect loue.
Qu. But she your subiect loths such Soueraignty.

King.

Kin. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.
Qu. An honest tale speeds best being plainely told.
Kin. Then in plaine termes tell her my louing tale.
Qu. Plaine, and not honest is too harsh a stile.
Kin. Maddam your reasons are too shallow and too
Qu. O no, my reasons are too deepe and dead: (quicke,
Too deepe and dead poore infants in their graue,
Harpe on it still shall I, till heart-strings breake,
Kin. Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.
Qu. Prophan'd, dishonou'd, and the third vsurped.
Kin. I sweare by nothing.
Qu. By nothing, for this is no oath,
The George prophan'd, hath lost his holy honour:
The Garter blemisht, pawn'd his Knightly vertue:
The Crowne vsurpt disgrac't his Kingly dignity,
If nothing thou wilt sweare to be beleeued,
Sweare then by something that thou hast not wrong'd,
Kin. Now by the world.
Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
Kin. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy selfe hath that dishonour'd.
Kin. Then by my selfe.
Qu. Thy selfe, thy selfe misused.
Kin. Why then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is most of all:
If thou hadst fear'd, to breake an oath by him,
The vnity the King thy brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother slaine.
If thou hadst fear'd to breake an oath by him,
The imperiall mettall circling now my brow,
Had grac't the tender temples of my child,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender playfellows for dust,
Thy broken faith had made a prey for wormes.
Kin. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou hast wrong'd, in time orepast,
For I my selfe haue many teares to wash
Hereafter time for time, by the past wrong'd,
The children liue, whose parents thou hast slaughtered,

Vngouernd youth, to waile it with her age,
The parents liue whose children thou hast butchered,
Old witherd plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou hast
Misused, ere used, by time misused orepast.
King. As I intend to prosper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt
Of hostile armes, my selfe, my selfe confound.
Day yeild me not thy light, nor night thy rest,
Be opposite all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter,
In her consists my happinesse and thine.
Without her follows to this land and me.
To thee her selfe and many a Christian soule,
Sad desolate ruine and decay.
It cannot be auoyded but by this:
It will not be auoyded but by this:
Therefore good mother (I must call you so)
Be the atturney of my loue to her.
Plead what I will be, not what I haue beene,
Not by deserts, but what I will deserue:
Vrge the necessity and state of times,
And be not peeuish fond in deepe designes,
Qu. Shall I be tempted of the diuell thus?
King. I, if the diuell tempt thee to doe good.
Qu. Shall I forget my selfe, to be my selfe?
King. I, if your selues remembrance wrong your selues.
Qu. But thou didst kill my children,
King. But in your daughters wombe ile bury them,
Wherein that nest of spicery there shall breed,
Selfes of themselues to your recomfiture.
Qu. Shall I goe winne my daughter to thy will?
King. And be a happy mother in the deed.
Qu. I goe, write to me very shortly.
King. Beare her my true loues kisse: farewell. *Exit Qu.*
Relenting foole, and shallow changing woman. *Enter Rat.*
Rat. My gracious soueraigne on the Westerne coast,

Rideth a puissant Nauy: To the shore,
Throng many doubtfull hollow hearted friends,
Vnarmd and vnresolu'd to beate them backe:
Tis thought that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull expecting but the ayd,
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them to shore.
King. Some light-foote friend post to the D. of *Norfolke*
Ratliffe thy selfe, or *Catesby*, where is he?
Cat. Here my Lord.
King. Flye to the Duke: post thou to Salisbury,
When thou commest there, dull vnmindfull villaine
Why standst thou still, and goest not to the Duke?
Cat. First mighty soueraigne let me know your mind,
What from your grace I shall deliuer him.
King. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leauie straight,
The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meete me presently at *Salisbury*. (bury?
Rat. What is your highnesse pleasure I shall do at *Salis-*
King. Why, what shouldst thou doe there before I goe?
Rat. Your highnesse told me I should post before.
King. My mind is chang'd sir, my mind is chang'd:
How now, what news with you? *Enter Darby.*
Dar. None good my Lord to please you with hearing,
Nor none so bad but it may well be told.
King. Hoyday a riddle neyther good nor bad:
Why dost thou runne so many miles about,
When thou mayst tell thy tale a neerer way,
Once more, what news?
Dar. Richmond is on the seas.
King. There let him sinke, and be the seas on him,
White liuered runnagate, what doth he there?
Dar. I know not mighty soueraigne but by guesse
King. Well sir, as you guesse.
Dar. Sturd vp by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Ely*,
He makes for *England*, there to clayme the Crowne.
King Is the chaire empty? Is the sword vnswaid?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpossest?
What heire of *Yorke* is their aliue but we?
And who is *Englands* King, but great *Yorkes* heire?

Then tell me, what doth he vpon the seas?
Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege I cannot guesse.
Kin. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt and flye to him I feare.
Dar. No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.
Kin. Where is thy power now to beat them backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.
Dar, No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Kin. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar. They haue not bin commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiesty, to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiesty shall please?
Kin. I, I, thou wouldst be gon to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir.
Dar. Most mighty soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtful!
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false. (hind
Kin. Well, goe muster thy men; but heare you, leaue be-
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your fayth be firme:
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. Exit.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many more confederates are in armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre, more competors
Flocke to their ayd, and still their power encreaseth,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He strikes him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, nothing but songs of death,
Take that vntill you bring me better newes.
Mes. Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good,
My newes is, that by sudden flood and fall of waters,
The Duke of *Buckinghams* army is dispersst and scattered:
And he himselfe fled no man knowes whither.
King. O I cry you mercy I did mistake,
Ratcliffe reward him for the blow I gaue him;
Hath any well aduised friend giuen out,
Rewards for him that brings in *Buckingham*?
Mes. Such Proclamation hath beene made my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marques *Dorset*,
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to your grace,
The Brittaine Nauy is dispersst, *Richmond* in *Dorsetshire*,
Sent out a boat to aske them one the shore,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from *Buckingham*
Vpon his party: he mistrusting them,
Hoist saile, and made away for *Brittaine*.
Kin. March on, march on, since we are vp in armes.
If not to fight with forraine enemyes,
Yet to bare downe these rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
Thats the best newes, that the Earle of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty power landed at *Milford*,
Is colder newes, yet they must be told.
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, while we reason here,
A royall battell might be wonne and lost.
Some one take order *Buckingham* be brought
So *Salisbury*, the rest march on with me.

Enter Darby, Sir Christopher.

Dar. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the stie of this most bloody bore,
My son *George Stanley* is franckt vp in hold,
If I reuolt off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, with-holds my present aide,

But

But tell me, where is Princely *Richmond* now?
Chri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford*, west in *Wales*.
Dar. What men of name resort to him?
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembrooke*, sir *Iames Blunt*,
Rice ap *Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
With many more of noble fame and worth,
And towards *London* they doe bend their course,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Dar. Returne vnto my Lord, commend me to him
Tell him, the Queene hath heartily consented
He shall espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter,
These Letters will resolue him of my mind,
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me speake with him?
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient,
Buc. *Hastings*, and *Edwards* children, *Riuers*, *Gray*
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miscarried,
By vnderhand corrupted foule iniustice,
If that your moody discontented soules,
Do through the clouds behold this present houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my destruction:
This is All-soules day fellowes is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Why then All-soules day, is my bodies Doomesday.
This is the day that in King *Edwards* time
I wisht might fall on me when I was found
False to his children, and his wiues allies:
This is the day wherein I wisht to fall,
By the false fayth of him I trusted most:
This is All-soules day, to my fearefull soule,
Is the determined, despite of my wrongs:
That high all-seer that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earnest what I begd in iest.
Thus doth he force the sword of wicked men

To turne their points on their maisters bosome:
Now *Margrets* curse is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember *Margret* was a prophetesse.
Come sirs, conuey me to the blocke of shame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame,

Enter Richmond with Drumes and Trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my most louing friends,
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment:
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*,
Lines of faire comfort, and encouragment,
The wretched, bloody, and vsurping boare,
That spoil'd your sommer-field, and fruitfull vines,
Swils your warme blood like wash, and makes his trough,
In your imboweld bosome, this foule swine
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neere to the Towne of *Leicester* as we learne:
From *Tamworth* thither, is but one dayes march:
In Gods name cheare on, couragious friends.
To reape the haruest of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of sharpe warre.
1 *Lor.* Euery mans conscience is a thousand swords
To fight against that bloody homicide.
2 *Lor.* I doubt not but his friends will flye to vs:
3 *Lor.* He hath no friends, but what are friends for feare
Which in his greatest need will shrinke from him.
Rich. All for our aduantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is swift, and flies with swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in *Bosworth* field.
Why how now *Catesby*, why lookest thou so sad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. *Norfolke* come hither:
Norfolke we must haue knockes, ha must we not?
Nor. We must both giue and take my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent, here will I lye to night,

But where to morrow? well all is one for that:
Who hath descried the number of the foe;
Nor. Six or seuen thousand is their greatest number.
King. Why, our battalian trebles that account;
Besides that, a Kings name is a Tower of strength,
Which they vpon the aduerse party want:
Vp with my Tent there valiant Gentlemen,
Let vs survey the vantage or the field,
Call for some men of sound direction,
Lets want no discipline make no delay,
For Lords to morrow is a busie day, *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard with the Lords.

Rich. The weary Sunne hath made a golden seat,
And by the bright tracke of his fiery Carre,
Giues signall of a goodly day to morrow,
Where is Sir *William Brandon*, he shall beare my standerd,
The Earle of *Pembrooke* keepe his regiment,
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my good night to him,
And by the second houre in the morning,
Desire the Earle to see me in my Tent.
Yet one thing more, good *Blunt* before thou goest,
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarterd, doest thou know?
Blunt. Vnlesse I haue mistaine his colours much,
Which well I am assur'd I haue not done.
His regiment lieth halfe a mile at least,
South from the mighty power of the King.
Rich. If without perrill it be possible,
Good Captaine *Blunt* beare my good night to him,
And giue him from me this most needfull scrowle.
Blunt. Vpon my life my Lord, Ile vndertake it.
Rich. Farewell Good *Blunt*.
Giue me some Inke and paper in my Tent;
Ile draw the forme and modle of our battell,
Limit each leader to his seuerall charge,
And part in iust proportion our small strength:
Come let vs consult vpon the morrowes businesse,
In our Tent, the aire is raw and cold.

Enter King Richard, Nor. Ratcliffe, Catesby.

King. What is a clocke?

Cat. It is six of the clocke, full supper-time.
Kin. I will not sup to night, giue me some Inke and Paper
What is my Beauer easier then it was?
And all my armour layd into my tent.
Cat. It is my Liege, and all things are in readinesse,
Kin. Good *Norfolke* hie thee to thy charge,
Vse carefull watch, chuse trusty Centinell.
Nor. I goe my Lord.
Kin. Stur with the Larke to morrow gentle *Norfolke*.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord,
Kin. *Catesby*.
Rat. My Lord.
Kin. Send out a Purseuant at armes
To *Stanleys* regiment, bid him bring his power
Before Sun-rising, least his sonne *George* fall
Into the blind caue of eternall night,
Fill me a boule of Wine, giue me a watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the field to morrow,
Looke that my staues be sound and not too heauy *Ratcliffe*
Rat. My Lord.
Kin. Saw'st thou the melancholly L. *Northumberland*?
Rat. *Thomas* the Earle of *Surrey*, and himselfe.
Much like Cockshut time, from troupe to troupe
Went through the army chering vp the souldiers.
Kin. So I am satisfied, giue me a boule of Wine,
I haue not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cleare of mind that I was wont to haue:
Set it downe, is Inke and paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Kin. Bid my guard watch, leaue me,
Ratcliffe about the midst of night come to my tent
And helpe to arme me, leaue me I say. *Exit Rat.*

Enter Darby to Richmond in his tent.

Dar. Fortune and victory sit on thy helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can afford,
Be to thy person noble father in law,
Tell me how fares our noble mother?
Dar. I by attturney blesse thee from thy mother,
Who prayes continually for *Richmonds* good

So much for that: the silent houres steale on,
A flakie darknesse breakes within the East,
In briefe, for so the season bids vs be:
Prepare thy battell early in the morning,
And put thy fortune to the arbiterment
Of bloody strokes and mortall staring warre,
I as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With best aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayd thee in this doubtfull shocke of armes:
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Least being seene thy tender brother *George*,
Be executed in his fathers sight.
Farewell, the leisure and the fearefull time:
Cuts off the ceremonious vowes of loue,
And ample enterchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long sundred friends should dwell vpon
God giue leisure of these rights of loue,
Once more adiew, be valiant and speed well.

Rich, Good Lords conduct him to his regiment:
Ile striue with troubled thoughts to take a nap
Least leaden slumber peise me downe to morrow:
When I should mount with wings of victory:
Once more go odnight kind Lords, and Gentlemen. *Exeunt.*
O thou whose captaine I account my selfe,
Looke on my force with thy gracious eyes:
Put in there hands thy brusing Irons of wrath,
That they may crush downe with heauy fall,
The vsurping helmet of our aduersaries,
Make vs thy ministers of chastisement:
That we may praise thee in the victory,
To thee I doe commend my watchfull soule,
Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes,
Sleeping and waking, oh defend me still,

Enter the ghost of Prince Edward, sonne to Henry the 6,
Ghost to K. *Ric.* Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Thinke how thou stabst me in my prime of youth
At *Tewkesbury*: dispaire and dye.
To *Rich.* Be chearefull *Richmond*, for the wronged soules

Of butchered Princes fight in thy behalfe,
King *Henries* issue *Richmond* comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the 6.

Ghost to K. *Richard.* When I was mortall my anoynted body,
By thee was punched full of holes,
Thinke on the Tower, and me; dispaire and die,
Harry the sixt bids thee dispaire and die.
To Rich. Vertuous and holy, be thou conqueror,
Harry that Prophesied thou shouldst be King,
Doth comfort thee in thy sleepe, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
I that was washt to death with fulsome Wine,
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betrayd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To Rich. Thou off-spring of the house of *Lancaster*
The wronged heires of *Yorke* do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, liue and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Riuers, Gray, Vaughan.

Riu. Let me sit heauy on thy soule to morrow,
Riuers, that died at *Pomfret*, dispaire and dye.
Gray. Thinke vpon *Gray*, and let thy soule dispaire.
Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy launce, dispaire and die,
All to *Rich.* Awake and thinke our wrongs in *Richards* bosome,
Will conquer him, awake and win the day.

Enter the Ghost of L. Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake,
And in a bloody battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord *Hastings* dispaire and die.
To Rich. Quiet vntroubled soule, awake, awake,
Arme, fight and conquer for faire *Englands* sake,

Enter the Ghost of two young Princes.

Ghost. Dreame on, thy cousins smothered in the Tower
Let vs be layd within thy bosome *Richard*,
And Weigh thee downe to ruine shame and death,
Thy Nephews soules bid thee dispaire and die.
To *Ri.* Sleepe *Richmond* sleepe in peace, and wake in ioy.

Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue and beget a happy race of Kings:
Edwards vnhappy sonnes do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Queene Anne, his wife.

Richard, Thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife.
That neuer slept a quiet houre with thee,
Now fils thy sleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgelesse sword, dispaire and die.
To *Rich.* Thou quiet soule, sleepe thou a quiet sleepe,
Dreame of successe, and happy victory,
Thy aduersaries wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the ghost of Buckingham.

The first was I that helpt thee to the Crowne,
The last was I that felt thy tyranny,
O in the battell thinke on *Buckingham*,
And die in terror of thy guiltinesse:
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting dispaire, dispairing yeild thy breath.
To *Rich.* I dyed for hope ere I could lend thee aid,
But cheare thy heart, and be not thou dismayd,
God and good Angels fight on *Richmonds* side,
And *Richard* fals in height of all his pride.

K. *Richard starteth out of his dreame.*

K. *Rich.* Giue me another horse, bind vp my wounds:
Haue mercy Iesu: soft I did but dreame.
O coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me?
The lights burne blew, it is not dead midnight:
Cold fearefull drops stand on my trembling flesh,
What do I feare my selfe? theres none else by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I,
Is there a murtherer here, No. yes, I am,
Then flie, what from my selfe? great reason why,
Least I reuenge, What? my selfe vpon my selfe:
Alacke I loue my selfe, wherefore? for any good
That my selfe hath done vnto my selfe:

O no: alas I rather hate my selfe,
For hatefull deeds committed by my selfe:
I am a villaine, yea, I lye I am not.
Foole of thy selfe speake well foole doe not flatter,
My conscience hath a thousand seuerall tongues,
And euery tongue brings in a seuerall tale.
And euery tale condemnes me for a villaine:
Periury, in the highest degree,
Murder, sterne murder, in the dyrest degree,
All seuerall sinnes, all vsde in each degree,
Throng all to the Boare, crying all, guilty, guilty,
I shall dispaire there is no creature loues me,
And if I die, no soule shall pittie me:
And wherefore should they? since that I my selfe,
Find in my selfe, no pitty to my selfe.
Me thought the soules of all that I haue murdred
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
King. Zounds, who is there?
Rat. My Lord tis I: the early village Cocks,
Haue thrice done salutation to the morne,
Your friends are vp, and buckle on their armour,
King. O *Ratcliffe*, I haue dream'd a fearefull dreame,
What think'st thou, will our friends proue all true?
Rat. No doubt my Lord.
King. O *Ratcliffe* I feare, I feare,
Rat. Nay good my Lord be not afraid of shadowes,
King. By the Apostle *Paul*, shadowes to night
Haue strooke more terrour to the soule of *Richard*,
Then can the substance of ten thousand Souldiers
Armed in proofe, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
Tis not yet neere day come goe with me,
Vnder our Tents, Ile play the ewese-dropper,
To heare if any meane to shrinke from me, *Exeunt.*

Enter the Lords to Richmond.

Lords. Good morrow *Richmond*.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardy sluggard heere.
Lor. How haue you slept my Lord?
Rich. The sweetest sleepe, and fairest boding dreames,
That euer entred in a drowsie head,
Haue I since your departure had my Lord:
Me thought their soules whose body *Richard* murthered,
Came to my Tent and cried on victory;
I promise you my soule is very iocund,
In the remembrance of so faire a dreame,
How farre into the mourning is it Lords?
Lor. Vpon the stroke of foure.
Rich. Why then tis time to arme, and giue direction.
More then I haue said, louing country men, (*His Oration to*
The leisure and inforcement of the time, (*his Souldiers.*
Forbids to dwell vpon, yet remember this,
God, and our good cause, fight vpon our side,
The prayers of holy Saints and wronged soules,
Like high reard bulworkes stand before our faces,
Richard except, those whom we fight against,
Had rather haue vs winne, then him they follow:
For what is he they follow? truely gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide,
On raised in bloud, and on in bloud established;
One that made meanes to come by that he hath,
And slaughtered those that were the meanes to helpe him;
A bace foule stone, made precious by the soyle
Of *Englands* chaire, where he is falsly set,
On that hath euer beene Gods enemy:
Then if you fight against Gods enemy.
God will in iustice reward you as his Souldiers
If you sweare to put a tyrant downe,
You sleepe in peace the tyrant being slaine,
If you doe fight against your countryes foes,
Your countries fat shall pay your paines the hire.
If you doe fight in safegard of your wiues,
Your wiues shall welcome home the conquerours:
If you doe free your children from the Sword.
Your childrens children quits it in your age;

Then in the name of God and all these rights,
Aduance your standards, draw your willing Swords
For me, the ransome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold corps on the Earths cold face:
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The least of you shall share his part thereof,
Sound drumes and trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and victory.

Enter King Richard, Rat. &c.

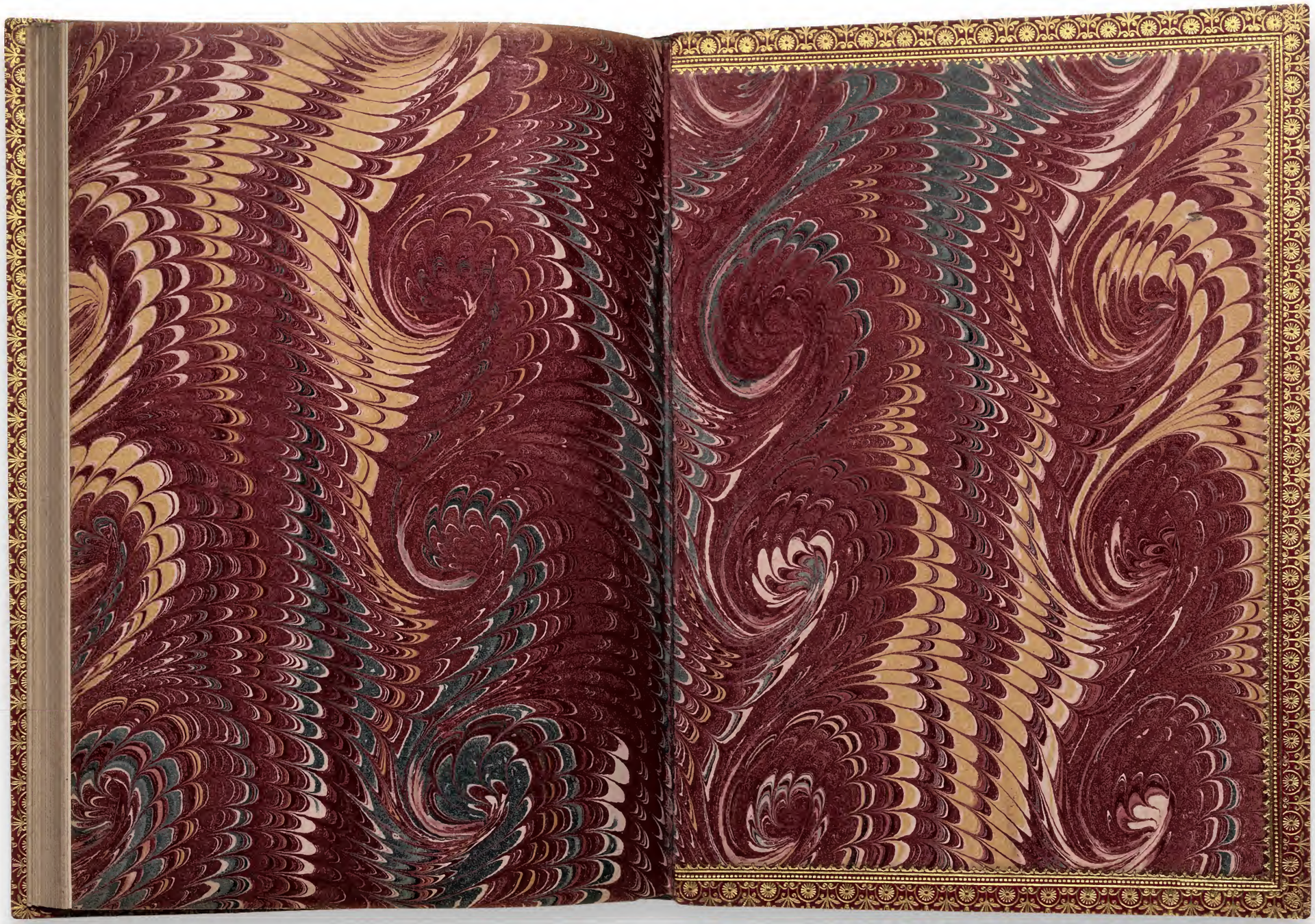
King. What sayd *Northumberland* as touching *Richmond*?
Rat. That he was neuer train'd vp in Armes.
King. He sayd the truth, and what said *Surrey* then.
Rat. He smiled and sayd, the better for our purpose.
King He was in the right, and so indeed it is:
Tell the Clocke there. *The Clocke striketh.*
Giue me a Kalender, who saw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord:
King. Then he disdaines to shine, for by the Booke,
He should haue brau'd the East an houre agoe,
A blacke day will it be to some body.
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sunne will not be seene to day,
The skie doth frowne and lower vpon our Army,
I would these dewy teares were from the ground,
Not shine to day, why, what is that to me
More then to *Richmond*? for the selfe-same heauen
That frownes on me lookes sadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord, the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come bustle, bustle, caparison my Horse,
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will lead forth my Souldiers to the plaine,
And thus my battell shall be ordered.
My fore-ward shall be drawne in length,
Consisting equally of Horse and Foote.
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst,
Iohn Duke of *Norfolke*, *Thomas* Earle of *Surrey*
Shall haue the leading of the Foote and Horse,
They thus directed, we will follow

In the maine battell, whose puissance on eyther side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest Horse?
This, and Saint *George* to boote, what thinkest thou not.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne, *He sheweth*
This found I one my Tent this morning. *him a paper.*
Iockey of Norfolke, be not to bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.
King. A thing deuised by the enemy,
Goe Gentlemen euery man vnto his charge,
Let not our babling dreames affright our soules,
Conscience is a word that cowards vse,
Deuisde at first to keepe the strong in awe,
Our strong armes be our conscience, our swords our law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs to it pell mell,
If not to Heauen, then hand in hand to Hell, *His Oration*
What shall I say more then I haue inferd, *to his Army.*
Remember who you are in cope withall,
A sort of Vagabonds, Rascols, and run-awayes,
A scum of *Britaines*, and base Iackey Pesants,
Whom their ore cloyed Country vomits forth
To desperate aduentures and assur'd destruction,
You sleeping safe they bring you to vnrest:
You hauing lands, and blest with beautious wiues,
They would restraine the one, distaine the other,
And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow?
Long kept in *Brittaine* at our mothers cost,
A milke-sop one that neuer in his life
Felt so much cold as ouer shooes in Snow:
Lets whip these straglers ore the Seas againe,
Lash hence these ouerweening rags of *France*,
These famisht beggers weary of their liues.
VVho but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
For want of meanes poore rats had hang'd themselues:
If we be conquered let men conquer vs,
And not these bastard *Brittaines* whom our fathers
Haue in their owne land beaten, bob'd and thumpt,
And on record left them the heires of shame.
Shall these enioy our land, lie with our wiues?
Rauish our daughters, harke I heare there Drum,

Fight Gentlemen of *England* fight boldly Yeomen
Draw Archers, draw your Arrowes to the head.
Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welking with your broken staues,
What sayes Lord *Stanley* will he bring his power?
Mes. My Lord he doth deny to come.
Kin. Off with his sonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is past the marsh,
After the battell let *George Stanley* dye.
Kin. A thousand hearts are great within my bosome,
Aduance our standards, set vpon our foes,
Our ancient word of courage faire Saint *George*
Inspire vs with the spleene of fiery Dragons,
Vpon them, victory sits on our helmes.
Alarum excursions. Enter Catesby.
Cat. Rescew my Lord of *Norfolke*, rescew, rescew
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring and opposite to euery danger,
His horse is slaine, and all on foote he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death,
Rescew faire Lord, or else the day is lost. *Enter Richard.*
Kin. A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse.
Cat. Withdraw my *Lord*, ile helpe you to a horse.
Kin. Slaue I haue set my life vpon a cast,
And I will stand the hazzard of the die,
I thinke there be sixe *Richmonds* in the field,
Fiue haue I slaine to day instead of him.
A horse, a horse, my Kingdome for a horse,
Alarum. Enter Richard & Richmond, they fight, Richard is slaine, then retrait being sounded. Enter Richmond, Darby bearing the Crowne, with other Lords.
Rich. God and your armes be praysed victorious friends,
The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.
Dar. Couragious *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee,
Loe here this long vsurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloudy wretch,
Haue I pluckt off to grace thy browes withall,
Weare it, and make much of it.
Rich. Great God of Heauen say Amen to all,

But tell me, is young *George Stanley* liuing?
Dar. He is my Lord, and safe in *Lester* towne,
Whether ift please you, we may now withdraw vs.
Rich. VVhat men of name are slaine on eyther side?
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, Walter Lord Ferris, sir Robert Brokenbury, sir William Brandon.
Rich. Inter their bodies as become their births,
Proclaime a pardon to the souldiers fled,
That in submission will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
VVe will vnite the white rose and the red.
Smile heauen vpon this faire coniunction,
That long hath frown'd vpon their enmity.
What traytor heares me, and sayes not Amen?
England hath long bin mad, and scard her selfe,
The brother blindly shed the brothers blood,
The father rashly slaughtered his owne sonne,
The sonne compeld, being butcher to the father,
All this diuided *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
Diuided in their dire diuision.
O now let *Richmond*, and *Elizabeth*,
The true succeeders of each royall house,
By Gods faire ordinance conioyne together,
And let their heires (God if they will be so)
Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac't peace
With smiling plenty and faire prosperous daies,
Abate the edge of traytors gracious Lord
That would reduce these bloody dayes againe,
And make poore *England* weepe in streames of blood,
Let them not liue to taste this lands increase,
That would with treason wound this faire lands peace.
Now ciuill wounds are stopt, peace liues againe,
That she may long liue here, God say Amen.

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